

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

From every man according to his ability: to every one according to his need.

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A NEW SPORT IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

A NEW sensation has been brought to the attention of lovers of sport. From the time of Solomon down to the present day, the hunters of all times have considered that they have incurred sufficient danger when meeting the larger game in personal encounter, without adding unnecessarily to it.

But notwithstanding Solomon, there are several new things under the sun at the close of the nineteenth century; and one of the fin de siècle innovations is a proposition to go into the hunting-field armed, not only with gun, but also with camera; the new sport consisting in coolly awaiting your game with the photographic lens, and depending upon your quickness

and nerve in the encounter subsequent to taking the animal's portrait.

To those fond of exciting episodes, this sort of thing affords endless opportunities, and if both the hunter and the camera come back safely, there remains no longer the mere doubtful proof of the animal's tail, or bones, or skin, but evidences that carry the utmost support of the hunter's veracity.

As children, we were thrilled by the accounts of the lion-hunters of South Africa and the tiger-hunters of India. We were by their sides in the long, damp grasses and dark jungles, and waited with them for the signal of the glowing eyeballs. We endured the terrible uncer-

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tainty between the first crack of the rifle, the spring of the wounded animal, and the final shot which sent him to certain death. In the future, the literary hunter will tell you of his emotions while arranging his camera, how he felt as he looked into the eyes of the advancing animal, measured the angle of the sun, calculated the shades and shadows, and prospected the chances of a good negative. Then, when the final moment arrived, how he snapped his camera, and, quickly reaching for his trusty rifle, planted one, two, three well-directed shots at the still advancing bruin, and saw him roll on the earth at the very foot of his tripod.

cracks of a rifle, and, after five or six minutes, again two shots in rapid succession. Prompted by curiosity, he took the trail and presently came upon one of the brothers terribly mangled and just expiring. Following the track of blood he came shortly to the other brother—dead, and beside him the bear, also dead. It had taken four shots to kill the silver-tip, but the paws had been equally deadly. After the first two, he had killed one of the brothers, and, staggering off, had met the other, only to receive an additional pair of bullets at such close range that he was able to strike and kill before a third shot could be fired from a repeating rifle.



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THE KINGS OF THE PLAINS.

Into what insignificance, in view of such achievement, dwindle the old stories of bear-killing; that, for instance, of two brothers, in the Colorado mountains, who were on the track of a bear, and separated in order more surely to find his tracks. A woodcutter who had seen them come up the mountain presently heard two

There was not much time for photographing here, and this and similar bear stories would indicate that the hunter of the grizzly will have a lively time if he undertakes to photograph that animal unaccompanied by a bodyguard sufficient to make sure that the photographer will not be well shaken after taking!



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IN THE BERRY PATCH.

There are difficulties involved in this extra hazardous sport. Some years ago a gentleman of Philadelphia started on a trip around the world. He took with him, beside his guns, two small hand-cameras. In Africa and India, at the risk of his life, he obtained photographs of the lion and the tiger about to spring, of the hyena and jackal, and of the elephant on the charge. He gave two years' patient work, and on his return sent his cameras to the photographer for development. In the course of a week he received a polite note to the effect that in taking out the films in his cameras they had been injured through the carelessness of an employé. The photographer regretted the occurrence extremely, and begged to return his cameras with new films without extra charge.

It is a Colorado sportsman, Mr. A. G. Wallihan, of Routt county, well up toward the region of eternal snows, who has gone even further than the Philadelphia gentleman. He is, perhaps, the innovator of the new sport, for he began in 1885, and instead of using only a hand-camera, not a little of his work has been done with a tri-

pod. To penetrate into the wilds with this outfit and a rifle, to await with calmness the approach of an elk, or a Rocky mountain lion, then coolly to adjust the lens and snap the shutter—this is the story which Mr. Wallihan has for the readers of *The Cosmopolitan*.



PHOTOGRAPHING BIG GAME.

BY A. G. WALLIHAN.

I had long planned a trip to the land of the antelope. About November first,



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accompanied by my wife and a friend, I started for a spring in the heart of their domain, and arrived at camp with a high wind blowing and clouds threatening us with a good wetting. We set to work with a will, and soon had our tent up, got in some wood while there was yet light, and arranged at the spring so that we might have a settled supply of water by morning. Sitting around the fire we perfected our plans, and arranged that I should leave the others of the party to look after the antelope at the camp



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spring. With the dawn I set out for a gulch some distance away, where I was sure of finding water. Even as I neared it several antelope ran out and, snorting a defiance, scampered off down the slope. After taking a hurried survey of the cut, I decided to work in the mouth of a small gap to the left, where I made short work of erecting a blind for myself and the camera.

Patience is a necessary ingredient of the character of the photographer, as well as of that of the hunter. As I waited, I shifted my tripod into all possible positions for sweeping the gulch, but as noiselessly as possible. Suddenly, by some impulse, I glanced over my shoulder, and there, peeping above the bank—for antelopes are curious—were half-a-dozen heads. Of course, a snort and a stampede followed, and I was forced to readjust the camera and possess my soul in suffering. Presently, others came down

in front, but they were out of range. Nevertheless, I held out motionless and expectant. At last, when my patience was almost gone, there was a slight movement directly on the other side of the gulch. Treading gingerly and scenting danger, they came over the bank straight toward me. The keen-eyed rascals did not see the camera. They scampered down to the water's edge, and were just getting their noses to the stream when they turned, quick as a flash, and ran back. But it was only ten feet or so, and then they stopped to wonder why they had been so foolish. They did not seem to hear the click of the shutter: they stood a moment or so, walked up to the water, drank their fill, and slipped away to the feeding-grounds. The plate-holder was reversed and I was ready for more.

Even as I finished adjusting, a band was coming slowly down the slope below me,

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DEFIANCE.

but too far to think of using the camera. These fellows were mostly bucks—perhaps fifty—and represented every shape of horn possible for an antelope. Finally they mustered up courage enough to go down to the water, and while I watched them I discovered that others were above me. I was elated to see these, too, making for the watercourse, and turned my camera in the direction from which they must appear. Finally a head was raised, vanished almost as quickly, and then came up again. Gradually, step by step, its owner emerged into view, and he stooped down to drink. I hardly ventured to breathe, for behind him were two more. The three were barely ten yards distant when I snapped them, and in an instant they were gazing curiously at the brass and wooden concern looking at them over the brush. Little they dreamed their greatest enemy was also behind that brush. But as they perceived no motion they were satisfied, and passed slowly on until they had drunk their fill. This



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COILED TO STRIKE.

gave me an opportunity to get another plate-holder ready.

But here is a regiment! Over the gulch, two by two, they surveyed the ground for the sight of an enemy. On they came, right down in front of me, but I was helpless, as I dared not move, and was forced to let them go by.

On this trip I obtained many other exposures, but none were equal to the three I have just described. Our hay supply unfortunately became low, and we were obliged to break up camp and return earlier than we expected.

An expedition which I made in the following year was equally interesting in its results. After being on the hunt for several days, I finally selected as my place of operation a bunch of cedars where three trails converged. We had moved forward in the early morning, and when the instruments were in position the shadows were still long. It was not many minutes after everything was in readiness before I could hear the crushing of hoofs among the pine-needles, and presently there came in sight on one of the upper trails the antlers of a magnificent buck. Would he keep that trail, I wondered breathlessly, or would he cross over to the main one where I was lying in wait for him? It was certainly not a case of mind-reading, for, even as I stood trembling with expectation, he turned into the trail covered by my instrument. He was a beauty. Should I take him at sixty feet, or risk scaring him at thirty? If he crossed the little gully and came so close, possibly he might hear my heart beat, for it was pounding away as it had never done before. The buck had evidently been running hard, for he was panting and restless. I attempted a ruse, and bleated an imitation of a fawn. He stopped instantly and looked straight at me, whereupon I hastened to spring the shutter to make sure of him, and obtained, even in my excitement, what proved afterwards to be a firm negative. He was standing gazing intently to discover what I might be. But when I made a movement he could see, he bounded off up the hill. At the crest he paused to assure himself that he was justified in his alarm, and looking back at me over his shoulder, he assumed a pose that was grace itself.

A day or so later, I went back to the

same place for another trial, and waited long and patiently. It seemed as if my acquaintance of a few days back had warned his entire family, and I was about to give up in disgust when, treading softly, a doe and a fawn came down the middle trail. This time I determined to risk a closer approach. The doe was ready to spring at a moment's warning; she would hesitate and start, and altogether I thought she was the most tantalizing of her sex I had ever had to deal with. She was not still an instant, and once or twice she was all but off through a clearing which led to the lower trail. It

day I was out for a third trial, changing to a new position a little to the left of my last one. I had scarcely got my camera in position, my plate ready, and my shutter adjusted when, as if by special appointment, a huge pair of antlers appeared in the very spot I should have chosen myself, and these were followed shortly by a magnificent buck. But, as luck would have it, the sun, which had hitherto been more than kind, went behind a cloud, and my shutter was too rapid to take my friend on the move. He was so nervous, and his motions were so sharp and jerky, that before I could press the bulb he had started



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TREED AT LAST.

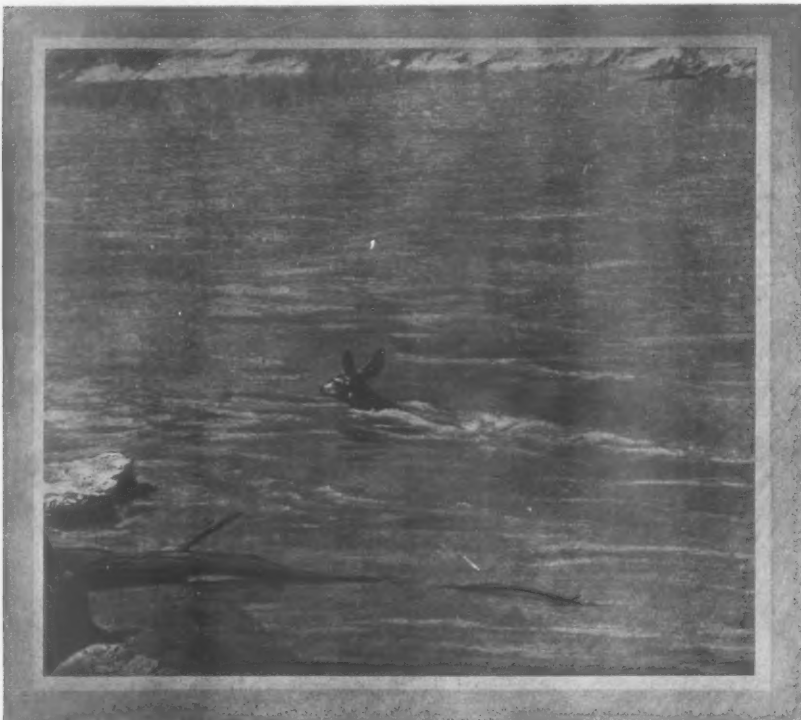
seemed an hour before she was as near as I wished, and during the interval I was ready at all times to press the bulb should she turn. She was scarcely ten yards distant when I took her, and, to my surprise, she flinched but slightly at the click of the shutter. Even then she did not run away, and as I did not move she took heart and walked entirely round the place where I was concealed. How I longed for another plate!

I obtained such successful negatives from these two exposures that the next

forward and gotten into a new position out of range of the instrument. I reached to make a new adjustment, when—snap! I had stepped on a twig, and with one of his instantaneous bounds, he was off and away down the gulch before I had recovered from my surprise. While I was heartily berating myself for losing so fine an opportunity, and not taking any particular care to conceal my person or to refrain from noise, a two- and a three-point buck walked right out in front of me. They did not seem to notice me,

however, and went on down the other side of the gulch, whereupon I resolved to make an attempt to get them if they stopped, for it was evident that they intended to come no nearer. What could be more graceful than these dandies, their heads erect, their nostrils dilated, their great dark eyes directed so intently at me, and their forelegs squarely planted for a leap at the slightest notice. I had

On the last day of the year we heard that a track had been found two or three miles away, and hastily prepared to follow it. After a mile or so it became fresh enough to turn the hounds loose, and ran diagonally up the mountain side until, at the top, it was a thousand feet or more above the bottom of the gulch. Away up in the spruce timber we could hear the silver-toned baying of the hounds, and



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HEADED FOR HOME.

had enough experience to know how quickly they can leap. Hearing nothing, they shook their tails as a signal of safety, and when I took them they were looking squarely in my direction.

I had often longed for an opportunity to photograph a mountain-lion. One Christmas time I was invited by a friend into the mountains to shoot some lions which were creating a great deal of devastation in his district. This, I thought, was my opportunity, and I packed my camera with my guns and started out.

now and then catch sight of them in the open as they wound down our side of the cañon and up the other. Across, hanging well over the precipice, was a huge rim rock, and it was toward this that the trail appeared to be leading. At the foot of this rock we saw the pack turn sharply to the left, ceasing to give tongue as they did so. Here it became plain that they had lost the trail again, for they began to circle to find it, and we could see them looking up as if the lion might have jumped to the top. Suddenly one of

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WAITING FOR A MOVE.



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A SUCCESSFUL COLONY.

them darted away on the back trail and disappeared under the rock, with the pack close at his heels, and again we heard the welcome sound—the knell of another colt-killing pest. They were running so rapidly that we knew there was no escape for the lion, so we dismounted and picked our way down into the gulch, the sides of which were so steep that for the last hundred feet our horses were forced to slide. I was behind, and my horse created much laughter by getting turned and sliding down backwards. Once at the bottom we judged by the sound of the dogs' voices that it would be necessary to gain the top on the other side. The rim rock precluded all hope of a direct climb, so we rode rapidly down the cañon and reached the top in a circuitous way, to find ourselves at length on the crest of the rock and directly over the spot we had just left. At this instant we perceived that the lion was treed in a spruce down the gulch.

We picketed the horses and clambered

down on foot, where we found that our chase was a coy female lion, who positively refused to pose for her portrait. She was more than obstinate, and seemed to divine what I was about, for she insisted on keeping her head hidden in such a way as to make her picture valueless. It was getting so late that I tried a snapshot when she was about to jump. She was seized upon by the dogs the instant she struck the ground, and they tumbled and rolled together, an indescribable mass, down the steep slope of the cañon. One of our party, Mr. Paterson, tried to get a shot at the lion without hurting the dogs, but in vain. Once on the level the dogs got the best of it, Mr. Paterson's dog, Tucker, taking her by the scalp, and when he succeeded in loosening her hold she lifted herself up on her forefeet and spat almost in his face. But it was only a matter of a moment until she was stretched before us—dead.

I went back to the ranch with many misgivings about the picture, but it turned

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OX GUARD.

out so well, that that evening, when a neighbor came in to inform us that he had jumped another trail during the afternoon, I decided to take my camera again. The next day was fine: although the dogs were tired and worn with the steady work of their recent chase, once on the

some two hundred yards away, under which was the entire pack, making such an uproar that we could scarcely hear ourselves talk.

Before we could reach the tree, the lion had jumped, but Hector crowded her so closely that she was forced to take refuge in



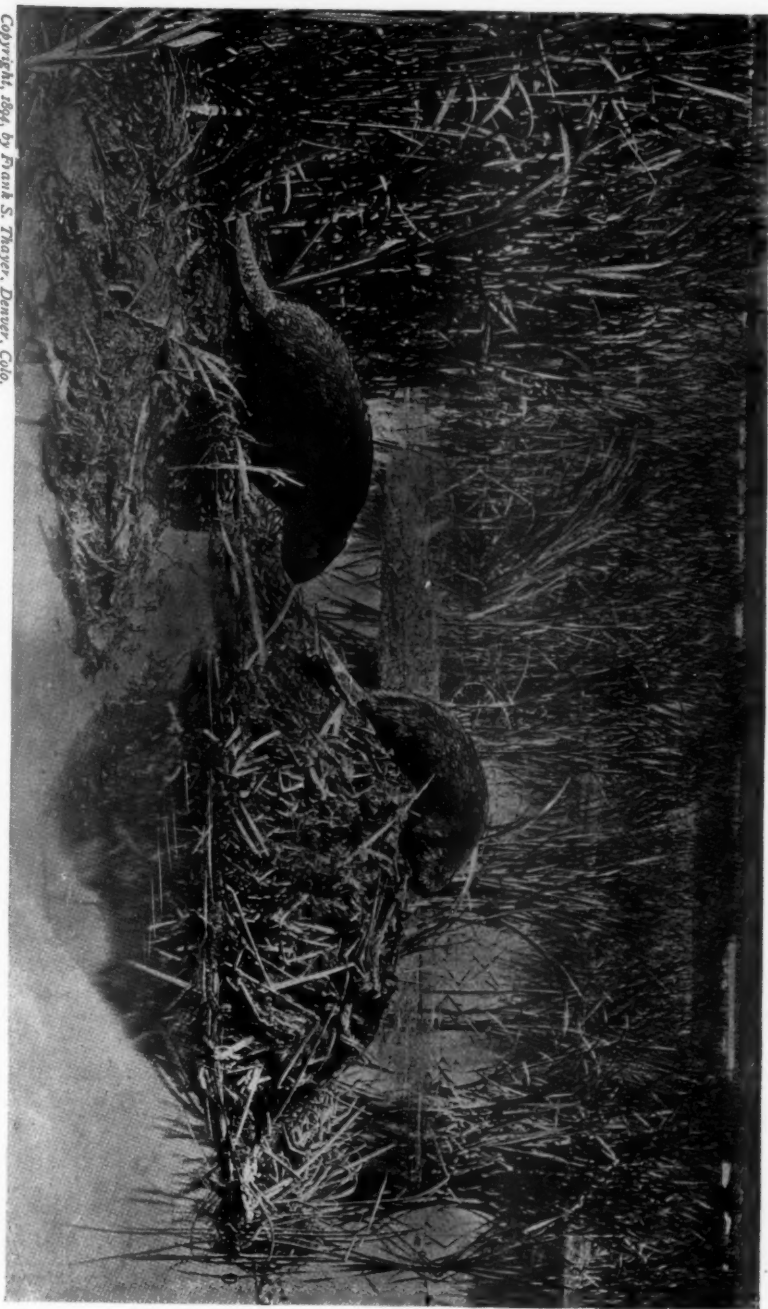
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THE REGIMENT.

scent again, their energies were reawakened. The trail was long: it doubled and wound in and out through the cedars and piñons, under and over the rock ledges, and finally came out on the tip of a spur and led straight away. Here we had all we could do to keep up with the dogs, of which there were five, as we had turned out two young hounds with the old ones. Hector, a shepherd belonging to my friend, Mr. Wells, was the fifth dog. We were obliged to make several short halts where the snow had melted, and about noon we came to a large tract of timber, where we lost sight of the pack entirely. Wells, whose enthusiasm would not permit him to linger, had spurred ahead. The rest of us were deliberating on another halt, when we caught the sound of his voice mingled with the baying of the dogs, and we at once pressed on with some excitement. We came upon him pointing at the trembling limbs of a tree,

another. This was fortunately a dead piñon, and, as the light was good, I hastened to unpack my camera and set it up some ten yards away. But this lion was quite as unobliging as the other, and just as I prepared to expose, she got down in an awkward shape to spit at one of the hounds which had climbed a tree, the branches of which intertwined with those of the piñon. We resorted to every possible expedient to force her to straighten up again, but to no purpose. So I was compelled to take the sneaking glance which she cast toward us. The ranchman who found her track the day before wished to shoot her, but in his haste he pulled the lever instead of the trigger. Upon this she jumped, and Hector was compelled to tree her again—this time in a bushy tree. I moved up and was preparing for another snap-shot when the ranchman fired: his aim was bad, however, and the lion jumped straight up out of the top, in place of dropping.

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BOTH DINING A HOME.

The dogs caught and downed her before she had gone any distance, and Wells rushed in with his six-shooter drawn, while I left my camera and followed him. She made a game fight and escaped again before Wells could shoot, and made for another tree. Hector, however, was too quick for her, and dragged her out to confront the revolver, which began to crack away, almost in her face. As she crouched to spring, we trembled for Wells, for he was at close quarters, and had he betrayed any sign of flinching, she would have sprung on him. But her fear of man prevailed, and her hesitation was fatal.

I have chosen these two accounts of experiences with the mountain-lion as typical, and because, too, I obtained from both excellent negatives. In my many other experiences I acquired numbers of other photographs, and the stories of these are much akin to those I have just given. In every case a great deal of patience was required, and often there was no little danger involved.

I cannot refrain, although it has nothing to do with the camera, from telling the following story: In the autumn of 1885 I was busily engaged in killing a supply of deer for winter. At that time, as is well known, there was no limit to the game one might kill, and beef being unpurchasable, venison was the chief dependence of the settlers of Routt county



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MRS. WALLIHAN'S DOUBLE SHOT.

for their winter supply of meat. One fine afternoon in October, my wife and I were making our way down a mountain trail when we were astonished to see two Ute Indians riding up in our rear. It was plain they were looking for "buckskin." Far down the valley I had my eye on a small band of deer among the sage-brush, and I could see that they were coming slowly toward us. Nature has made the deer very much the color of the brush, and they were so hard to distinguish that I was quite sure the Indians, who had just turned the corner of the trail, did not see them. It was in vain that I pointed out the herd to the Indians (so much for their



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TAKEN UNAWARE.

vaunted keenness of vision), and to offset my supposed joke they showed me an imaginary big bunch in another direction.

I have learned a great deal in the many years I have had to deal with the Indians—enough to know that I would have trouble if they got on the trail ahead of me the next morning. As early as I could see I was on the move, and before six o'clock I had three horns to my credit with no sign of a redskin. Perhaps an hour elapsed before I saw any more deer; I was sitting on a point which, though exposed, was excellent cover, when there came into view in the distance at least two score or more. When the last of them had disappeared in the gulch at my right, I slipped down the edge of the rock on which I was sitting, and came upon them as they halted for water at the spring. Without losing any time I shot at one of the largest of the bucks, whereupon the whole band charged directly at me. I held my ground, and as they came on I fired into them;

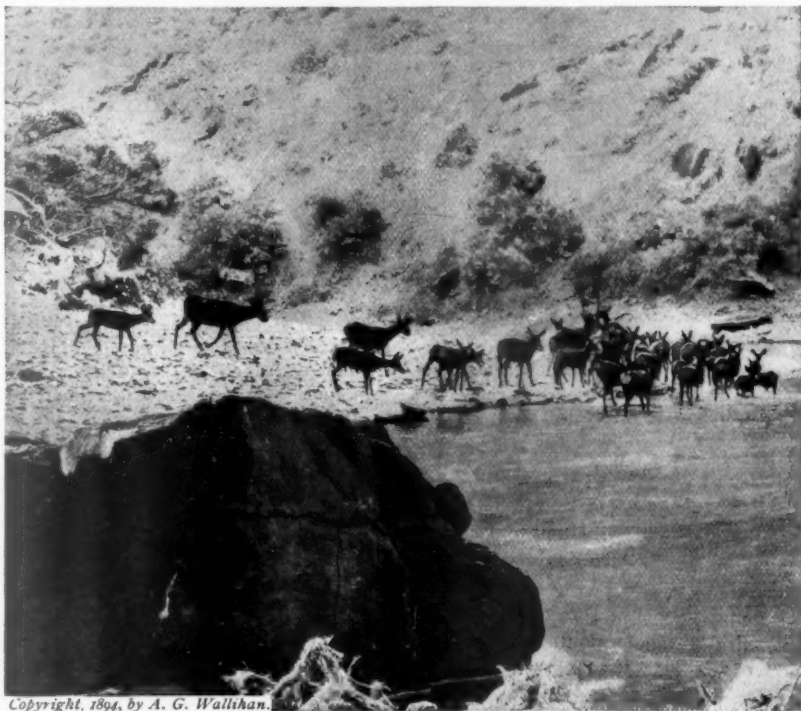
some stopped, and others scattered to right and left, all in such confusion that I had but to take my pick of the lot.

While I was still busily engaged in dressing my quarry, up rode, in a most nonchalant manner, one of my visitors of the day before.

"How many?" he asked, as he looked on.

"Twelve," I answered, without looking up.

At this he laughed derisively. So, for his satisfaction, as well perhaps as for my own, I pointed a number of them out to him. His expression was not pleasant as he rode off up the trail. I had hardly finished my work when my attention was attracted by the sound of running feet, and looking across the gulch I saw the two Indians chasing the herd, with no other object in view than to get them to the foot of the hill and well out of my way. So much for Ute gratitude!



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A WINTER MORNING AT THE FORD.



BICYCLING FOR WOMEN.

BY MRS. REGINALD DE KOVEN.

THE development of the exercise of bicycle-riding has assumed proportions of universality which recall the Egyptian plague of flies; by day and night, in town and country, forked black creatures, with semi-transparent means of locomotion, fly past with bewildering velocity; the human animal has become an air-propelling, exulting creature, with mysterious prehistoric attributes, half beast, half bird.

Invention, the angel of the nineteenth century, has abolished space, shattered time, and now with this wonderful machine, the bicycle, is making a determined onslaught upon sickness and old age, despondency, idleness with its resulting crime, and all the ills which mortal flesh is heir to.

To men, rich and poor, the bicycle is an unmingled blessing, but to women it is deliverance, revolution, salvation. It is well nigh impossible to overestimate the potentialities of this exercise in the curing of the common and characteristic ills of womankind, both physical and mental, or to calculate the far-reaching effects of its influence in the matters of dress and social reform.

As to dress-reform, the possibilities would, indeed, seem limitless. Since woman has taken up the bicycle it has become more and more apparent every day that its use demands a more or less radical change in their costume. Moderate women have met the demand with gaiters and a three-quarter skirt—one reaching perhaps to the ankles, but even

this compromise leaves much to be desired in the way of freedom, and there is some danger of entangling the skirt. Numbers of women who ride a great deal have adopted the short skirt costume, and the bloomer, or knickerbocker costume, is not without popularity in this country. In France, however, it is much more general. For hard and constant riding the short skirt has such a decided advantage over that of three-quarter length that women who are real lovers of the bicycle can hardly be blamed for its use.

The bicycle has existed for men in many forms from the days of the awkward machine of 1830, infinitely absurd to our thinking, on which (according to the old pictures) a long-trousered gentleman in a high stock and a top hat rode a rail fixed between two wheels, paddling with his feet on level ground, and tucking them up some way, some where, while he coasted down the hills.

Next came the wooden-wheeled velocipede, called the "bone-shaker," on which our fathers rode over the stones, unprotected from cruel jolting by any merciful device of springs or pneumatic tires. This wheel was in shape not unlike the safety bicycle of the present day, the wheels being of nearly even size, but there were very many differences in those details which have lately been brought to such astonishing perfection.

Next came the large-wheeled bicycle. There was a period when it was used with very much the same enthusiasm which distinguishes the exercise of the present day. The sensation of riding this wheel was in some respects more exciting than that of riding the safety bicycle, but for practicability and comfort it was in no

way to be compared with it. On this present perfected machine the wayfaring man, though a fool, may learn to ride and become thereby a triumphant, exultant being with racing, bounding, leaping blood in his shrunken veins, hope in his eye, and the lost joy of youth and life returned to his heart.

Some women, lost to all sense of feminine discretion—according to the opinion of most of their sisters—were known to ride the high bicycle in the days when it was in common use at athletic shows, dime museums, circuses, and such like unholy places, and there are many who remember the wild excitement of riding a red-wheeled tricycle, borrowed from a reluctant brother or friend, as one of the unforgotten joys of childhood.



PROPER POSITION FOR MOUNTING.

But it was not until the year 1888 that a woman's wheel was first used on the road. This was an all-nickel ladies' wheel designed by W. E. Smith of the Smith Manufacturing Company, then situated in Washington, and was the model known as the dropped-frame bicycle. To Mrs. Smith, the wife of this inventor, belongs the honor of being the actual pioneer of

bicycle-riding for women in this country. When she first began to ride in the year 1888 upon this wheel, she weighed eighty pounds, her wheel sixty. In the course of a few years her weight increased to one hundred and twenty pounds, and the wheel she now rides weighs twenty-two pounds; an interesting indication of the physical effects of bicycling and in the improvement of the building of the machine itself. This model, with slight variations, was made by all the different firms soon after this date.

In 1892, Humber & Co. displayed at the exhibition which they called the Stanley show, the present admirable model of a woman's machine, where the bar which descends diagonally from the handles to the point where the sprockets are fixed to the descending saddle-bar, is straight instead of curved. This wheel is both lighter and stronger than the former clumsy dropped wheel, and is more desirable in every way. The weight of the wheels should naturally be adapted to that of their riders. A woman of one hundred pounds weight should use a wheel of eighteen to twenty-two pounds;

those who weigh from one hundred and fifty to one hundred and seventy-five pounds should use wheels varying from twenty-five to twenty-eight pounds. Those to whom the constant vibration of a light wheel is fatiguing, should use a twenty-eight-pound wheel.

When the effort of propelling the machine from long practice has become inappreciable, the fatigue which comes from a long ride will be found to be purely nervous, the result of the vibration of a wheel which is in reality too light, although the rider may have been unconscious of the fact. By the use of a moderately heavy machine this result may be avoided.

In adapting the machine for individual use, a natural position must be sought for. The handle-bars should be placed about two inches higher than the saddle. The erect position is always necessary for the proper expansion of the lungs. The saddle should be placed not too directly over the pedals, slightly back of the vertical line, but not too far back over the center of the rear wheel, as that position necessitates too long a reach. The saddle

should not be fixed at too great distance from the pedals; the rider should be able to touch the heel to the pedal at its lowest point of revolution, otherwise a perfect control of the machine becomes impossible. The comfort of the saddle is an imperative consideration. There are many kinds of saddles, spring wire, leather of many weights and shapes, and there is a soft, stuffed, plush-covered saddle invented by Dr. Stimson for the use of women, which has been recommended; there is, however, no break to this saddle, and it would seem difficult for the rider to retain



THE LONG SKIRT.

her place upon it. Beside, there are devices of small air-cushions and additional leather appliances to soften and make more comfortable the seat upon which the rider must spend so many hours. These must all be chosen with care by each rider to suit her individual taste. The mistake of using the saddle as a chair should be avoided; it is rather a resting and balancing place; the weight should be largely sustained upon the pedals.

The process of learning to ride is apt to be a trifle fatiguing and is productive of both annoyance and bewilderment that what has seemed so easy should prove to be so difficult. There have been known instances of favored,

semi-miraculous people who have ridden right off,—as we have all believed we might,—but they are few, and they should not be sought for or lauded. The conviction is inevitable that they must be far from attractive; perfection is not a lovable quality. The best way for ordinary mortals is to visit in a humble and cheerful spirit one of the bicycling academies, to submit to the indignity of a baby-tending belt, to keep cool, be patient, and follow instructions. The first lesson will not seem too discouraging, the second will leave the rider in a slightly doubtful and desponding state of mind, which by the third will have developed into a condition of irritation and self-depreciation; in the fourth or fifth, as fate will have it, suddenly, and as it were without warning or preparation, the knack is acquired; a mysterious, indescribable, actually unteachable sense of balance arrives as it were from the skies.



Taken for The Cosmopolitan by Rockwood, New York.

A BLOOMER COSTUME.

Suddenly you feel that you have it, and presto! you are off! The secret is yours, the victor's crown is upon your brow! But do not be too confident; there are many steps to be taken, many hours of patient practice to be endured before one may hope to become a graceful or enduring rider. But after the balance has been attained it is no more a mystery, and the future is in one's own hands; it has become a question of practice and experience.

A woman may learn to ride on the road with assistance, and there are advantages to this method in the fact that the ear becomes immediately accustomed to the distracting sounds and sights of the streets, the necessity of avoiding vehicles and passers-by, as well as becoming used to the uneven surfaces in the road.

Once assisted to the saddle (for mounting alone comes afterwards), one must remember not to grasp the handle-bars

too closely, but endeavor to keep a slight and constant motion in the balance-wheel. The rider will discover ere long that this front wheel is made for balancing, and not for steering, and will be surprised as soon as her senses become clear at the ease with which a slight motion of the body will guide the wheel.

When the balance has once been obtained, the question of practice in turning from right to left and from left to right is the next thing to be considered. After that the next steps are to learn to dismount and to mount alone. To dismount in the legitimate and graceful manner is to ride very slowly, bear all the weight

is that commonly taught in the schools: stand at the left of the machine and advance it until the right pedal begins to descend, then step into the space before the saddle, arrange the skirts so that they fall evenly on either side, place the right foot on the right pedal, give a strong push on the ground with the left foot, and rising on the right foot take the saddle, and without haste find the left pedal, the weight of the body pushes the right pedal down as you rise upon it, giving the bicycle an impulse, and the left pedal rises to the place where the foot can find it easily. The principal difficulty which women find in learning to mount is in giving the bicy-

cle a sufficient impetus with the left foot at the same moment that the rider is compelled to jump into the saddle.

An easy method of mounting for women, and one generally followed in France, is to incline the wheel considerably to the left side, so far as to enable the rider to arrange her skirts and take her seat comfortably in the saddle before she attempts to start the wheel in motion. She should then press hard upon the right pedal while she pushes with her left foot upon the ground, and the wheel by these two motions will be found to right itself naturally, the rider herself being in an upright and proper position. This method of mounting is sur-



THE SHORT SKIRT.—A MODIFIED HUNTING COSTUME.

prisingly easy after an adequate idea of balance is once gained, and obviates the difficulty of arranging the skirts properly, as in the jumping mount which is ordinarily taught.

General Ordway thus describes the position of the mounted cyclist: "Head erect and square to the front; chain slightly drawn in; shoulders square to the front; back straight, with body slightly inclined forward; arms straight, but not

upon the left foot, stop at the moment that the right pedal is at its highest point of revolution, then carry the right foot through to the left side and step off the ground upon the right foot. With a little care and patience this can be done with ease and grace.

The easiest method of mounting is to mount from the curb, take one's position in the seat, and push off as evenly as possible. The following method of mounting

rigid; legs straight, but stretched by their weight alone; feet parallel to the axis of the cycle, the ball of the foot rising lightly upon the pedal." These rules are as practicable to women as to men. The stooping position should never be assumed except in racing, which in all probability will never be practised by women; a slight stoop is obligatory in hill-climbing.

When the ground permits, wheel to the left for a full turn, but learn to wheel either way with confidence. Do not attempt to imitate any of the surprising tricks practised by small boys or professional trick-riders; they are neither appropriate nor admirable for women. Learn to ride slowly, practice in moderation, avoid the danger of attempting to ride too long, or too fast, before the muscles have become adapted to their unusual work.

After a few months make the mounting of a hill part of your daily practice, as it is very strengthening to the muscles. Avoid coasting the first season of riding; it is fascinating, but dangerous. To slow your machine, learn back-peddaling. To do this, sit straight and begin to put a gentle pressure upon each pedal at the very lowest point, just an instant before it begins to rise. In riding down a steep hill, the control of your wheel depends largely upon whether you can feel and hold the pedal at that particular point. Practice this first on a level and moderately; learn to use a brake, do not attempt to sit too high. It may be enjoyable and saving of effort on smooth roads, but is extremely dangerous. Learn to pedal without holding the handle-bars, also to steer with the pedals; practice moder-



A KNOCKABOUT BLOOMER COSTUME.

ately, progressively, evenly; be cool, determined, and persistent. Any woman, delicate or strong, by following these rules will learn to ride well in a few months.

The question of the proper dress for bicycling is still in doubt. The English women who first took kindly to the wheel, have used in riding a modification of the shooting dress which has been for so many years in common use among them. This dress consists of knickerbockers, with leggings, a short skirt to the top of the boots, and a Norfolk or cutaway jacket. French women who during the past year have taken so enthusiastically to the practice of bicycling, have characteristically adopted many fantastic and daring dresses: tight trousers, military costumes, Oriental, and all variety of theatrical dress. In America, the present tendency is toward the adoption of short skirts. In smaller cities like Cleveland, Buffalo, and notably in Chicago and Boston, the bloomer costume has been largely used. This tendency must be deprecated. They are a slight gain in convenience, but there is an enormous loss of the gracefulness

which every woman should religiously consider. A short skirt, cut with a very slight fullness at the waist and fitted like a riding habit, will be found to offer little danger in the way of catching in the wheel. Knickerbockers should be worn, as petticoats of lace or linen are productive of innumerable falls. Gaiters should be worn with a short skirt, as the rider will seem to herself and her spectators not to be sufficiently dressed without them. With the long skirt, the ordinary walking length, these gaiters are not necessary, but what is gained by the absence of these certainly heating articles of wear will be more than balanced by the danger of catching in the wheel, which the long skirt indisputably invites. A long coat to cover the bloomers would possibly occupy the place of a short skirt, but would, on the other hand, be caught by the wind and twisted into many awkward shapes. The shoes worn should be low, broad-heeled, and comfortable. Gloves should be loose, and if desired, there are bicycle gloves made for the purpose, open across the knuckles to let in the air.

Nothing has been devised which is superior to the cutaway jacket with the soft shirt underneath, a skirt to the tops of the boots, accompanied by knickerbockers of the same material, and gaiters of cloth, leather, or canvas, fastened to the band of the knickerbockers below the knee. An attractive combination can be used in the shape of a Tartan kilt of dark material, accompanied by a braided black jacket, a white shirt, and black necktie. There is a modest suggestion of costume about this dress which is particularly becoming and artistic. Hats should be close, and undecorated with flowers. A sailor hat, which affords some protection for the eyes, is advisable, or a soft felt hat with a stiff feather.

This exercise is more adapted to the use of women than any which has been discovered. It can be mild or vigorous, according to choice or necessity. It is infinitely preferable to horseback riding for many reasons: the woman who rides a horse is held helplessly in a heavy garment, sits in a position where she is subject to any shock, quite incapable of resistance, is a victim to uneven joltings,

and is in danger of accident from any caprice in the temper of her mount. Her muscles are not brought into action as they are in bicycling, and the exhilaration of the exercise is in no way comparable to that experienced upon the metal steed. Every muscle of the body is used in bicycling; those of the hips and calves of the legs, as well as those in the lower part of the body, the muscles in the back from balancing, the muscles in the arms from holding and directing the handle-bars, and even those in the throat and shoulders. In



THREE-QUARTER SKIRT.

holding an erect position, the lungs are expanded from the necessity of deep breathing, and the chest developed; weak and useless hands and fingers are strengthened by the pressure and use of the handle-bars; the whole body becomes alive, the circulation is increased, indigestion cured, and nerves forgotten. As a cure for insomnia, it is without parallel. It will undoubtedly reduce extra flesh, particularly about the hips, but will as surely increase the weight of those who have become emaciated by indigestion or other ills. In other words, it conduces to a normal condition in every aspect of health and weight.

The rewards which this exercise offers are so great, in the fascination of the free motion, the exhilaration of the sense of power over the wheel, the delight of flying through the landscape, that it is no wonder it is potent to bring delicate, fanciful women off their couches, and to rid them of vapors and nerves. In this respect it is particularly applicable to American women, who have long been in need of some such impetus to healthful exercise and outdoor life. It is, in fact, for its value as a nerve tonic that the exercise for women is principally to be considered.

It is impossible for a woman who has not the control of her nerves to be a successful bicyclist, and this fact is one of enormous import. The bicycle is a sentient thing, uncanny in its intelligence. If there is a weakness in the mental organization, if there are unconfessed failures of will and determination in the character, be sure the bicycle will find them out. If the rider is confident of herself, the bicycle will never play her tricks. The bicycle and its rider become as it



THE FRENCH MOUNT.

were one person. If the will is unsteady, the bicycle wobbles and down comes the rider and her obedient machine. If the rider sees a stiff bit of road, and is confident that she can pass it, she will pass it; if she sees a hill, and knows she can mount it, she will mount it; if she sees an appalling obstacle in the shape of an ice-cart looming up on her vision, and is afraid, the bicycle will swerve, and she will go down ingloriously. It is all a question of confidence, and will-power, and nerve-control. What this means in the increase of mental poise and the development of all that goes to make up character and self-government, is incalculable.

As an exercise for the development of all the muscles together, so that none are overtaxed, the bicycle has never been surpassed, and in its particular adaptability for women, never equaled; but in its applicability to nervous and mental troubles, it may almost be regarded in the light of a specific cure.

The imperative necessity of balance, the constant attention to the mechanical exigencies of the situation, compel a diversion of the mind's attention from

NOTE.—The Cosmopolitan is indebted to Mr. Price, of the Michaux Bicycle club, for assistance in obtaining photographs of mounting positions.

itself which is astonishingly beneficial. The bicycle actually has been used by physicians as a means of curing insanity, and there is an authenticated case of an inmate of a retreat in Brooklyn who was restored to sanity by the use of the machine; surely an astonishing proof of what this regular absorbing physically healthful exercise may do for a mind diseased.

For all the minor derangements and weaknesses of character, the bicycle is no less beneficial. It brings not alone physical but mental regeneration; it is a medicinal and an ethical force.

Its influence in the question of dress-reform is one to be regarded seriously and with reticence. What years of eloquent preaching from the platforms of woman's suffrage have failed to accomplish, the necessities of this wheel have in a few months brought into practical use. It is to be hoped that the bicycle will not so far advance the theories of dress-reform held by many of the advanced women suffragists that men's clothes will be adopted by women, but that the exigencies of the bicycle costume will bring about some compromise may safely be expected. There is no such thing as tight lacing for a woman who rides a bicycle, high heels must be abandoned, and pinched toes released.

It is an erroneous assumption that bicycling has any of the dangers which the use of the sewing-machine presents to women. The cramped and bent position of the body in the use of the sewing-machine is in no way repeated in the position which is assumed upon the bicycle. In using the sewing-machine there is a constant and unhealthy pressure of the corset upon the lower part of the body, which results in pelvic congestions and difficulties of all sorts; the eyes are glued to a creeping seam, the back becomes fatigued with the constant and unnatural position, the unfortunate woman inhales a close and unhealthy atmosphere, while on the bicycle she sits erect, breathing the pure air of heaven, flying along in the exultation of the splendid motion, the delight and benefit of the natural use of all her muscles.

It would be difficult to say to which class of women the bicycle is the greatest blessing: to the rich it gives a healthy

distraction and amusement, as vivifying as it is innocent; to the poor it brings a joy of life never before attainable. If testimonies from the scores of overworked teachers and stenographers to whom this exercise has restored happiness, self-control, and ensuing success and comfort in their avocations, some idea might be obtained of the benefit which the bicycle has already brought. Before long, at the present rate of increase in the exercise, not one woman will be without her wheel.

The spirit of comradeship and unselfish consideration of others' wishes and convenience, is another result of the use of the bicycle. There is a free-masonry about bicycling which is of no small use in the development of humanity to man, and that courtesy which is the expression of comradeship and good will. As a means of developing the independent intercourse of men and women it is of extreme importance. The companionship of the wheel is conducted upon a basis of healthy sport, one where the attention at every moment is required for the management of the machine.

The New Yorker who goes out to Claremont of a Sunday afternoon, and counts the bicycles which stand against the fence,—the steeds of this regiment of health-seekers, young and old,—watches them as they fly past by the hundred, the thousand, notes the expression of interest, absorption, often exultation, in their faces. "What madness has fallen upon us!" he will exclaim, and then hastily the contagion will seize him also, and he will take to himself a bicycle, and add one more to the number of those to whom this wonderful machine has brought health, happiness, and a new life.

The woman who dons her knickerbockers and her gaiters and spins out into the open country, will find her mind opening to the wonders of sky and air, the beauties of the fields and streams; she will learn to take comfort in the world about her, will find her mind soothed and her spirits uplifted; she will forget troubles and anxieties, real or imaginary; she will become mistress of herself, as of her wheel, no longer a victim to hysterics, no longer seeking for unhealthy excitement, a rational, useful being restored to health and sanity.



BATHING AT THE ENGLISH SEA-SHORE RESORTS.

By J. HOWE ADAMS.

THE Englishman shows nothing more typical of himself than the manner in which he bathes; the habits, the views, and the very life-history of that nation are expressed at the sea-shore. The simplest consideration of the question shows this fact. The English look upon ocean bathing as immodest; therefore, they go to the whole length that is possible, and bathe in a manner that is an indescribable shock to their visitors. The English are blunt and direct in thought and speech; their bathing customs are expressive of these two great national characteristics. As they believe ocean bathing to be immodest, they have decided, like the French, that it should be done in private, and, being a more logical people, they have carried this idea to a more rational conclusion. The first essential, of course, in private ocean bathing is that there should be no commingling of the sexes; the French, in permitting this, stand in a very illogical position; in consequence, in England, men and women bathe separately. As a simple, unqualified assertion,

this statement sounds extremely well; but the English, being only human, have not carried out their ideas as consistently as they might have done. The bathing-grounds of the two sexes at the various resorts are, as a rule, only a few hundred feet distant from each other; consequently, each set of bathers is in plain sight of the other, while the beach at each point is often crowded with men and women watching the bathing. As a practical result, therefore, as far as any seclusion or privacy is concerned, the bathers might just as well use the same grounds.

It is just here that the great inconsistency of English bathing comes in, for the most critical cannot complain that they have not carried out their ideas of privacy in their bathing-suits to its fullest degree. The English bathing costumes, if such a dignified term may be applied to them, are most extraordinary. The suits for the women are made in one piece, skirts not considered necessary; in short, they are simply the old-fashioned bathing-suits worn in America by men. As

women, as a rule, wear their clothes much tighter than men, and as the materials are generally much flimsier than those used in French and American suits, the effect upon the looker-on, who is a stranger to English bathing, is often startling. In addition, these suits are cut, as a rule, quite low in the neck, frequently being as low as a décolleté ball-gown, necessitating considerable care on the part of the wearers to keep them from being washed away by the waves; while the trouser leg is cut short, frequently not reaching to the knee, occasionally edged with white lace, while, of course, no stockings are worn. As these suits are not supposed to be seen by the male spectator, they express fully the English sense of propriety; to the American who does not possess such a logical mind, their existence

bathing-machine into the water at Brighton, in full view of fully five thousand people, many of them not twenty-five feet away. Involuntarily I could not rid myself of the expectation of seeing the great crowd rise up, inexpressibly shocked, and call for a "Bobby" to drag me back to my senses and to my bathing-machine; but human nature is intensely imitative, and a few minutes in the water restored my confidence, and I swam wholly forgetful of my unadorned appearance. There is one advantage of this style of bathing; it is the delightful reaction of the salt water on the bare flesh; it is interfered with, or lost entirely, when the limbs are enveloped in clinging lannel.

In consequence of this method of bathing, when the untraveled Englishman hears that in America and France men

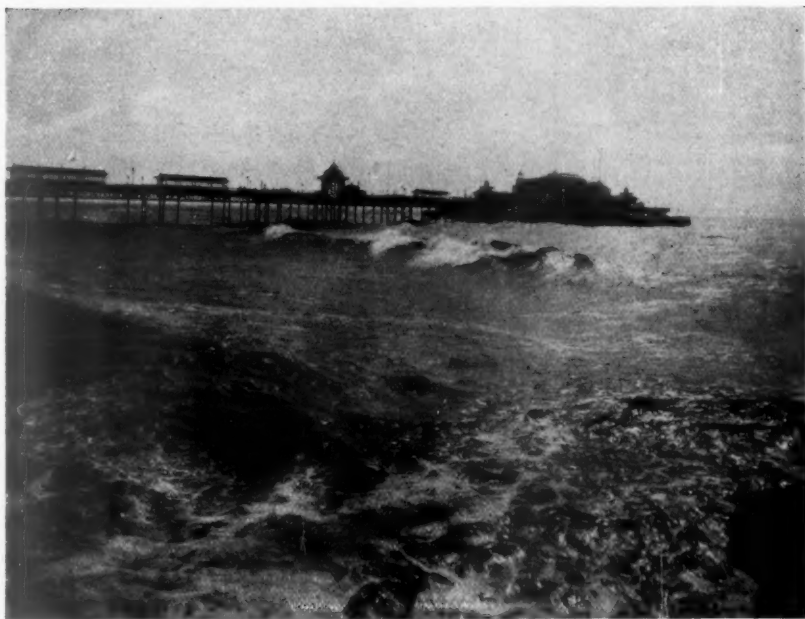


THE SEARCH FOR BATHING-VANS.

at first sight is wholly incomprehensible; they correspond far nearer to the conceptions which Americans have of the French bathing-resorts than do those of Ostend or Trouville.

But if the English woman's suit is a shock to the modesty of an American traveler, no words will express his surprise on seeing the remarkable garb of the bathing Englishman. This costume is nothing but the familiar swimming-tights worn by American boys when they slip away for a quiet swim to some unfrequented spot on lake or river. An American boy in an English suit would hide in the bushes on the approach of a passer-by. Personally, I shall never forget my feelings when I ventured to step out of my

and women bathe together, he is unspeakably shocked, for he cannot imagine for a moment that there is any other style of bathing dress than that of his own country. As a result of this separate bathing, the English bath is stupid and unpleasant. That pleasant, proper camaraderie, which is possible at French and American resorts, is wholly lacking. The women have not the confidence and comfort inspired by the presence of male bathers, while the men lose that attraction which comes in helping women in any athletic sport. Probably it is as a result of this separate method of bathing that there are no great crowds seen in the water at English resorts, such as are found in America. The English, unlike the French, as a



THE BRIGHTON PIER.

nation, are fond of salt-water bathing, looking upon it as a very healthful sport; but unwittingly they miss the essence of its great attraction.

The English use the bathing-machine in a similar manner to the French; the bathing-masters follow the ebb and rise of the tide religiously; as a result it is no uncommon matter to find that one's machine has been shifted many feet from its original position, and the bather is then compelled to spend many weary minutes hunting for his own particular van. As the little houses are as alike as peas in a pod, he is likely to ruffle the tempers of the occupants of the other vans, if not his own, by breaking in upon their privacy in an apparently unpardonable manner. This hunt for one's bathing-machine constitutes one of the daily joys of English bathing. Each little house is generally girdled with the patent-medicine sign of some enterprising Briton, and the bather is advised to try all sorts of doubtful compounds for his various ailments. There was a society founded in London to discourage advertisements in public places, by pledging its members to refuse to buy

anything advertised in a railway station or other conspicuous spot. Apparently, to judge by the frequency of signs everywhere, this society is not in a very flourishing condition.

Each English woman, when she appears upon the beach, must bring her walking-stick with her; she could never take her morning constitutional without it. It is no uncommon sight to see a party of English people out for a walk, each woman with a stick, each man without one. They make the walking-stick a great aid, testing rocks in the midst of streams with them, probing suspiciously soft spots in the sand; a bath is never complete that does not include the use of this stick to and from the bathing-machine.

The sea-bath in England, as in America, costs a fixed price, which includes everything except the services of the bathing-master. The details of the bath are less intricate than in France; the peignoir is unknown, and hot water is never placed in the bathing-machine. The machines themselves are all of one style, not varying in size or comfort. If a bather requires the aid of the bath-



CHILDREN ON THE BEACH.

ing-master, no set price is fixed for his services, the amount of remuneration being left to the judgment of the bather. The bathing-vans are very small, poorly lighted and ventilated, and they seem doubly inconvenient from the habit of the bathing-master, who rolls them into the surf while their occupants are undressing. The bathing-master is not so important in England as on the continent, but he is far more in evidence than he is in America. He keeps a close supervision of the women and children bathers, but, as the English woman is as a rule more athletic and more daring than her continental sister, his work is less arduous.

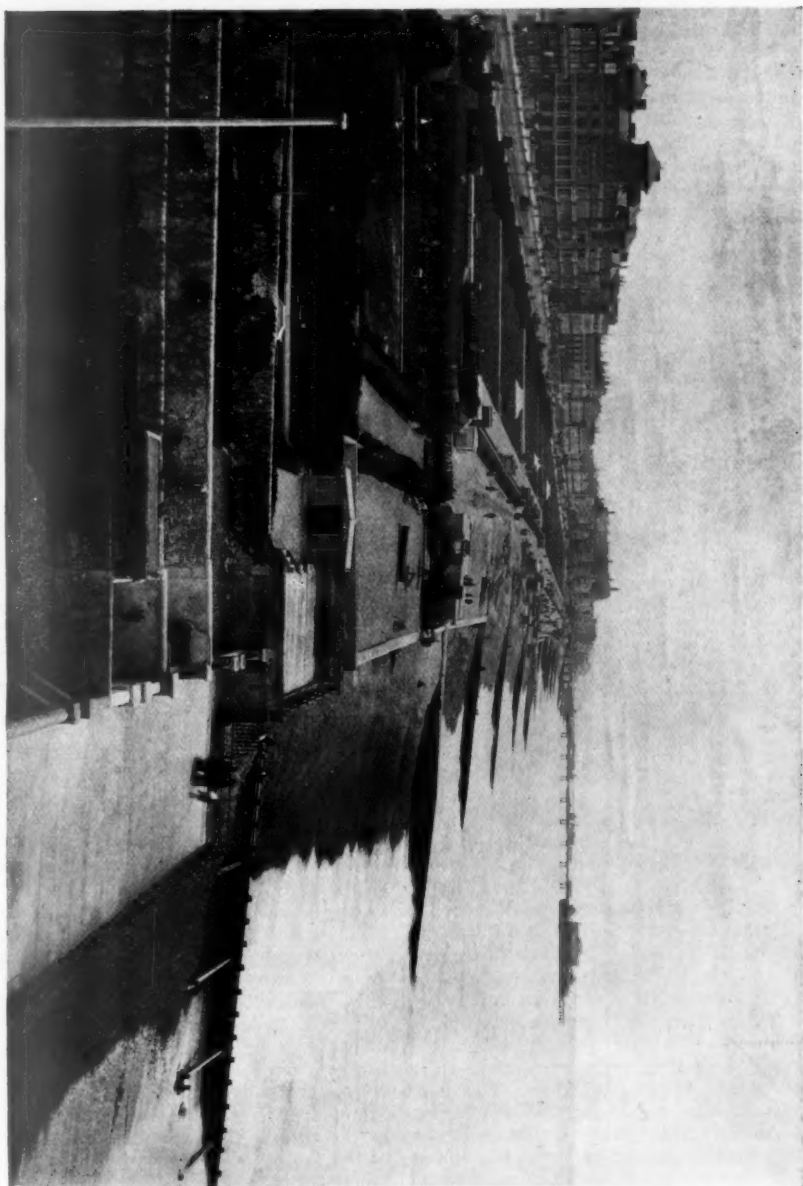
The English, having a great coast-line, have developed many first-class sea-shore resorts, the principal ones being Brighton, Eastbourne, and Torquay on the southern coast, Scarborough and Whitby on the eastern shore, Barmouth and Llandudno on the western coast, in Wales. Of course, Brighton is still the leading English resort; it was splendidly planned by George IV., and holds its own among the more modern sea-shore places of Europe, although it attracts a motley crowd from London, who swarm over its long beach like flies, settling so thickly that it is hard to walk with any speed among them. The magnificent driveway and

plats laid out along the sea compare favorably with Ostend and Trouville, while the Devil's Dyke, a curious, mound-like formation, six miles away, gives the excuse for a drive through a region charmingly rural and thoroughly typical of southern England. Brighton is one of the oldest of sea-shore resorts, for the habit of using the sea-edge as a residence is comparatively modern. It dates back, although so venerable among its neighbors, only to the middle of the last century, when a far-sighted London doctor fell into the habit of sending his patients to the place for recuperation; it was not made fashionable until twenty years later, when it was patronized by George IV., at that time prince regent, one of the few good deeds done by him of which we have record.

Eastbourne, a smaller, prettier place, to the east of Brighton, has been developed for people of quieter tastes, while Ramsgate and Margate are excursion places for the East End of London. Torquay is a growing place west of Brighton; its mild winters have made it a very popular winter resort.

Scarborough is a quaint old place, although inclined to be cold even in the height of the season, while Barmouth and Llandudno are beautiful spots in Wales, well worth the trouble of a trip from Lon-

BRIGHTON SEA FRONT.



don. Llandudno is the more fashionable, suggesting by its beach between two great cliffs the French resort of Étretat; but Barmouth is the pleasantest of British resorts, for here "mixed bathing" is permitted, the male bather being supposed to wear the full suit from neck to knees, although, strange to say, he frequently imposes on a patient public and appears amid the other bathers in the regular English costume. The mountains and valleys back of Barmouth make it a de-

bathing is neither popular nor common. At the less stylish places, such as Sandowne, and Ventnor, there is some bathing, but elsewhere there are no accommodations for bathing, and apparently no demand for them.

The most popular time for the Englishman to bathe is before breakfast; at seven o'clock in the morning he slips from his room and seeks a buff-bath in the surf. There seems to be no desire on his part to enjoy the bath as a pastime,



BARMOUTH: A TYPICAL ENGLISH SEA-SHORE RESORT.

lightful place for a month's sojourn; in a circular trip around Great Britain, it was to me by far the pleasantest place, with the fullest list of attractions, just as Étretat had proved to be for France.

The principal bathing-place in Ireland is Bray, a quiet, pretty little town on the edge of that picturesque country which runs into County Wicklow. The Irish visitors have seized on the little white-washed huts along the sea-shore and have fitted them up as summer residences. This is the only distinctive feature about Bray; otherwise, it is like the English resorts. In the more fashionable Isle of Wight, as at Newport in this country,

as the French and Americans do. He takes it as he does his shower-bath after a cricket match, or cross-country ride, as an invigorator and aid to athletic sport. At most English resorts, buff-bathing is permitted before eight o'clock in the morning, and in this way it is easy for him to get his dip. To the Englishman who prefers a long swim before breakfast as an appetizer, the idea of rolling around in the surf in company with the women of his family, covered with heavy, wet flannels, may not seem to be an improvement on his present style of bathing. As it is, taken all in all, the English woman loses more by the English style of bath-

ing than does the English man. In fact, it is quite certain that any proposed change to the French style would meet with much more opposition from a larger proportion of male English bathers than from English women.

The Englishman at the sea-shore expects his amusements to be brought to his very door; consequently, when he goes to Brighton, or Eastbourne, and sits on the beach, he wants his various entertainments to march by him on the sands, and he will accept the crudest apology in the entertainment line. A falsetto-voiced costermonger, with a badly-tuned banjo, will afford him unutterable delight for a summer; but his cup of happiness never overflows until he can gather in a crowd of companions and listen to "the niggers." This very inelegant term is applied to the mildest dilution of the American negro minstrel that can well be imagined; apparently, it requires but three essentials to produce this wandering minstrel: a white high hat, some burnt cork, and a few antediluvian jokes. To complete the illusion, the aspiring "nigger" meets with far greater success, if he drops his "h's" and picks them up again at a time suiting his convenience. A cockney darkey appeals irresistibly to their risibilities. What conception the English public must have of the American negro to accept such exhibitions as these as humorous, it would be interesting to determine; but the average Eng-



ULTRA-FASHIONABLE.

lishman enjoys so thoroughly their efforts, that he cannot be persuaded even for a minute to analyze his impressions on the subject. But his entertainments include, also, Punch-and-Judy shows, acrobatic performances, and all sorts of miscellaneous entertainments, such as are found everywhere on the beach at the various resorts during the season.

To their credit, however, it must be acknowledged that the music of the "merry-go-round" and the whirl of the "toboggan-slide" have not yet inflicted their torture on a long-suffering English



UNDER THE PIER, AT BRIGHTON.



DEVIL'S DYKE, BRIGHTON.

public. That other tiresome attraction of American sea-shore resorts, the "tintype man," has not yet "caught on" in England. Tintypes are not in demand: the few pictures of this kind that are taken are generally done on glass. I found it impossible to buy pictures of English bathing scenes anywhere in Great Britain; there exists an impression among photographers that it is against the law to take them. As a result, the only views of English bathing that I could find were those that I took myself. The danger of arrest for taking bathing scenes seems to be a myth. At least, in an experience in photographing such scenes at all the principal English bathing resorts, I never encountered even a look from the authorities expressive of disapprobation; although with the subjects themselves, it reminded me

greatly of duck-shooting. The Englishman never seemed to have the pluck to express any disapproval of having his picture taken in a bathing-suit, but on the sight of a kodak, the whole collection of bathers would seek deep water with their eyes kept anxiously on the in-

strument. When they felt they were unnoticed, they fled in single file to their machines. Then, when half-way there, they saw the merciless glare of the lens pointed full at them, they would drop in the water with the speed of the dive of a duck, and patiently wait another chance. In the case of one old gentleman in a remarkable suit, I waited an hour to photograph him. Apparently he never saw me, or I him, but each glared at the other from the corner of his eye; a simple word, or even disapproving glance, from him would have



MORNING SPORT.

stopped any picture-taking, but since he sought refuge in diplomacy I was willing to show him that all things come to him who waits, and in his case the old adage was not disproved. Photographers are human; they do not care to take unwilling subjects ordinarily. A single glance or word will stop any unwelcome photographing, but in these days of perfected photography it is worse than useless to attempt to outwit even the mildest of amateurs.

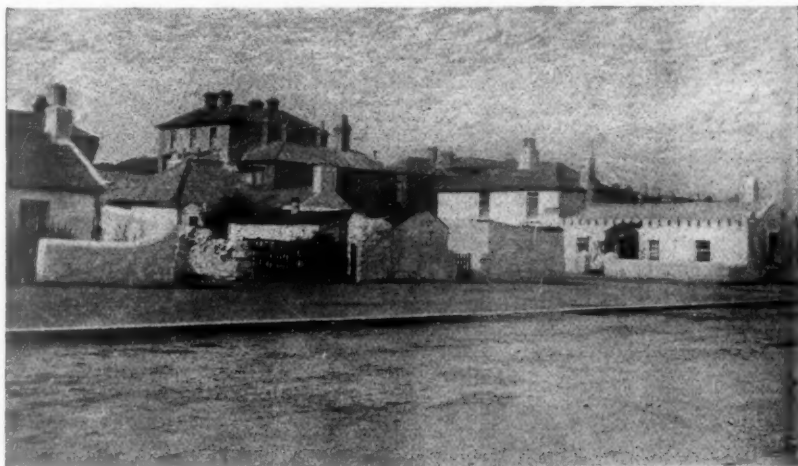
In recent years the religious possibilities of sea-shore gatherings have been demonstrated; it has been found that services of hymn-singing, especially for the children, can be held successfully on the various beaches. In consequence, at many resorts at eleven in the morning, there can be seen a collection of men planting a British flag in the sands; the Englishman can collect no crowd unless he first puts up his national emblem. Then a banner, expressing the character of the meeting, is spread to the breeze, and the curiosity of the frequenters of the beach being aroused, a crowd sufficient to carry on services soon gathers; but the children are not as prominent as the title of the services would indicate, for the pleasures of digging and wading are too near and too potent to allow anything else to divert their attention long.

In studying this subject of European bathing, the question naturally arises as



UNCONSCIOUS.

to its qualities as compared to American bathing. The value of any opinion depends on the spirit in which the subject is approached. Laying aside all prejudices, and endeavoring to decide the differences on their merits, I have tried to be thoroughly non-partisan. In comparing European and American bathing, it is necessary to limit the latter geographically to the bathing on the coast of New Jersey, as I pointed out in a previous article. It is true that there is considerable amount of bathing in New England, particularly at Narragansett Pier; but in point of numbers, seventy-five per cent. of the



BRAY: THE CHIEF IRISH RESORT.

regular salt-water bathers are found at such great resorts as Asbury Park, Atlantic City, and Cape May; at these places they have developed more fully the habits and traits of the typical American bather. To begin with, the beaches, with the exception of such a strip of sand as found at Ostend, are markedly inferior in England and France. At many places, such as Étretat, the bather is compelled to wear sandals with wooden soles, to keep the stones which cover the beach from cutting his feet; while in three or four steps into the water at high tide he is over his head. The beach at Trouville and Malo-les-bains is sandy and sloping, but there is a lack here of the steady surf which is so pleasant a feature at the Jersey resorts. At Brighton, the beach is sandy, but it is very steep, and the bather has no comfort unless he or she is an expert swimmer. On the other hand, at Barmouth, the great Welsh bathing-resort, it seems to be impossible for one to get out over his head, the slant of the beach is so imperceptible. The lack of surf at these resorts makes the bathing seem as flat as long-uncorked champagne. At all resorts where the beach is steep, the women and children bathe with ropes around their waists, which gives the im-

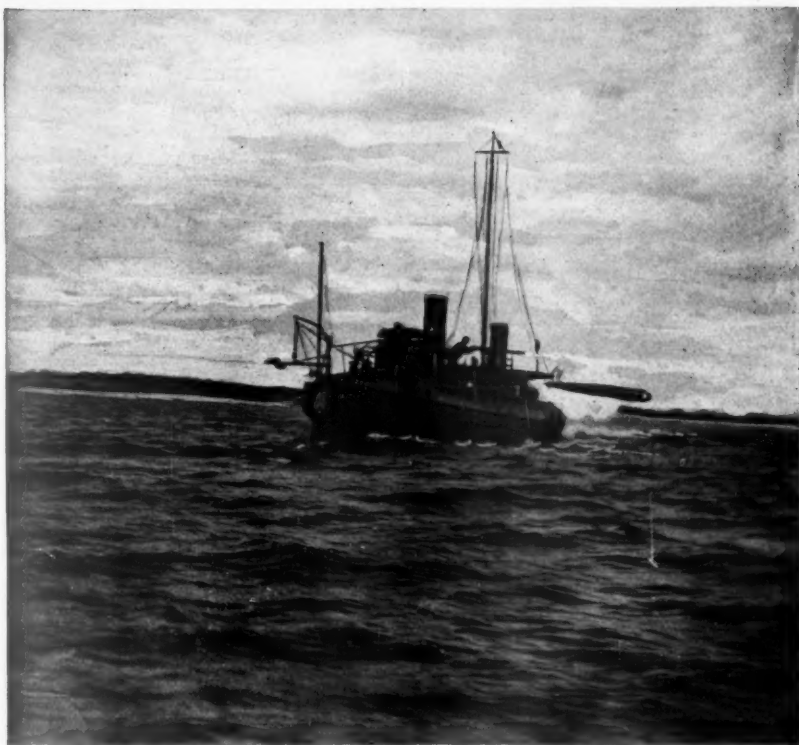
pression that the bathing-master has a number of fishing-lines out, and has caught a lot of very disreputable looking mermaids.

The American suits for men are far superior to either the French or English, being modest and attractive without interfering with the movements of the bathers; the French suit is uncomfortable and ugly; while the English suit cannot be considered seriously for one moment. In minor details of bathing, we can, however, learn much from the French. The idea of charging separately for each detail of the bath permits the bather to make his bath cost him whatever he wishes. Again, the universal use of hot water in the bath-house and the development of the bathing-master are excellent; and in many lesser points which it would seem trifling to mention, but which, nevertheless, add materially to the bather's comfort, the French bath is excellent.

In conclusion, I would state that each nation can learn something from the other in the matter of details, but in the main, on the subject of salt-water bathing, the American method is far more practical and more satisfactory than its European counterpart.



ENGLISH MINSTRELS ON THE BEACH.



U. S. "CUSHING" FIRING A TORPEDO WHILE UNDER WAY.

THE WHITEHEAD TORPEDO IN THE UNITED STATES.

BY ROBERT HANNA, CAPT. U.S.A.

THREE of the principal types of torpedoes known in modern warfare are the mine torpedo, the controllable torpedo, and the auto-mobile torpedo.

The mine torpedo is located in some fixed position beneath the water, determined by the necessities of defense, so that when an enemy's vessel gets over it, it may be exploded by contact or by means of electric wires connected with the shore.

The controllable torpedo has a mechanism which propels it through the water, and its direction may be controlled by electric wires connected with the shore,

so that it may be exploded by contact with an enemy's vessel.

The auto-mobile torpedo, whose direction, speed, and depth, are controlled automatically, has no such restricted uses as the two former, but may be fired from a vessel going at full speed, as well as at rest, and on the ocean, as well as in harbor.

The Whitehead auto-mobile torpedo, often called the "fish torpedo," is the evolution of years of experiment, and has the distinction of success in actual war. It is the invention of an Englishman named Whitehead, whose works are now



TORPEDO, PARTIALLY IN TUBE, BEING CHARGED WITH COMPRESSED AIR.

at Fiume on the Adriatic, where he has for many years manufactured for most of the great naval powers of the world. The Whitehead and Swarzkopf torpedoes are essentially the same; the latter being made in Germany, and in use in the German navy. The sinking of the Blanco Encallado by a Whitehead torpedo in the Chilian war, and the sinking of the Aquidaban by a Swarzkopf torpedo in the late Brazilian war, are two instances of their recent use.

In the war just concluded between Japan and China, our information, though as yet very meager, would indicate that torpedo-boats and Whitehead torpedoes have played a most important part.

All the great naval powers of the world seem to have admitted the importance and necessity of their use, and recent years have seen a constant increase in the various fleets of the world of a class of small vessels of great speed, called torpedo-boats, carrying an armament of auto-mobile torpedoes and rapid-fire guns.

In 1891, when Gen. B. F. Tracy was Secretary of the Navy, the advanced condition of our navy made it necessary, in

order to keep up with the other naval powers of the world, to supply ourselves with some reliable type of auto-mobile torpedo such as would at once place us on an equality with the other naval powers of the world in this respect. At that time, although we had a torpedo-boat under construction, almost completed, we had no auto-mobile torpedoes.

The policy of the United States has always been opposed to buying war material abroad, and the question of supplying ourselves was a serious problem, and could only be solved by having the Whitehead torpedo made in this country.

As a result of the Secretary's inquiries, Mr. E. W. Bliss, of Brooklyn, engaged to manufacture this torpedo, if the necessary arrangements could be made with the inventor abroad. To this end, a naval officer and a representative of the Bliss company were sent to the Whitehead works at Fiume on the Adriatic.

After the necessary arrangements had been made, and some months spent in the study of the manufacture, they returned to this country, and a contract was entered into by the E. W. Bliss company to manu-

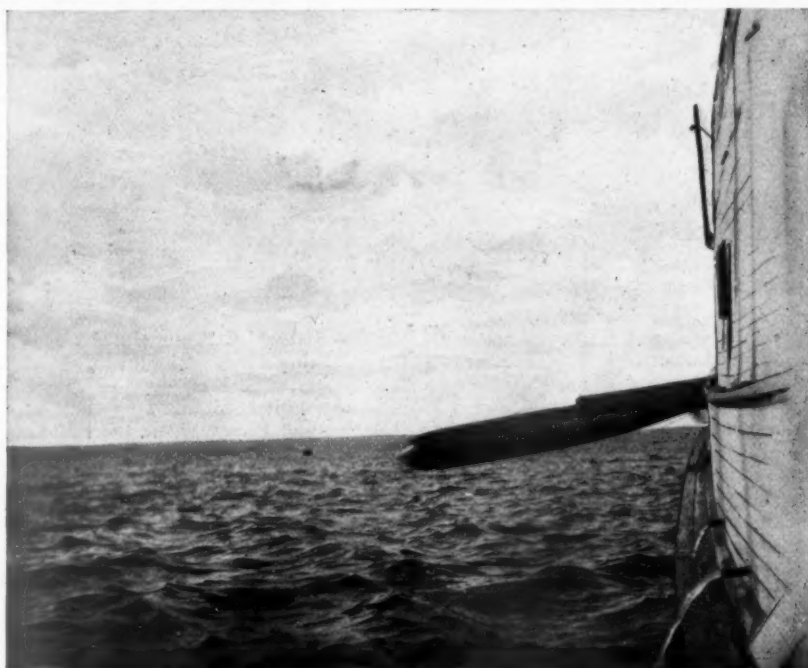
NOTE.—The illustrations accompanying this article are reproduced by courtesy of Dr. J. H. Taylor.

facture and deliver to the navy, one hundred eighteen-inch Whitehead torpedoes of the latest type, stipulating that they should be made fully as well in every respect as those manufactured abroad, and that they should be likewise adjusted for speed, direction, and depth.

This torpedo is nearly the shape of a porpoise. It is said this fish was the model used for its original design. It is built chiefly of steel, weighs eight hundred and fifty pounds, and is about twelve feet long.

It is composed of four principal sections,—the head, which carries the explosive; the flask, or air-receiver, which is charged with compressed air at a pressure of 1350 pounds to the square inch, the escape of which runs the engine and propels the torpedo; the immersion chamber just after the flask, in which is the apparatus for regulating the depth and position, being a pendulum and hydrostatic piston that control a movable, horizontal rudder at the tail of the torpedo, through a small, air steering-engine connected with this

rudder by a movable rod. Thus if the torpedo goes below its set depth, or has an inclination downward, this rudder moves up, carrying the torpedo up again; and when inclined up, or above its set depth, it reverses the operation. The last section contains the engine, which is supplied with the compressed air from the flask by means of a pipe through a system of valves which regulate, automatically, the supply of air to the engine, and which, when properly adjusted, determine the speed and duration of the run. The engine turns a shaft on which, at the tail of the torpedo, are two propellers so geared as to turn in opposite directions. On each side of the tail are the vertical rudders which serve to control the direction. Their position is determined by experiment so as to cause the torpedo to run straight and is one of the most difficult of the adjustments. There are two heads with every torpedo, which are interchangeable. The war head is made of bronze and is charged with one hundred and twenty pounds of wet gun-cotton. On the

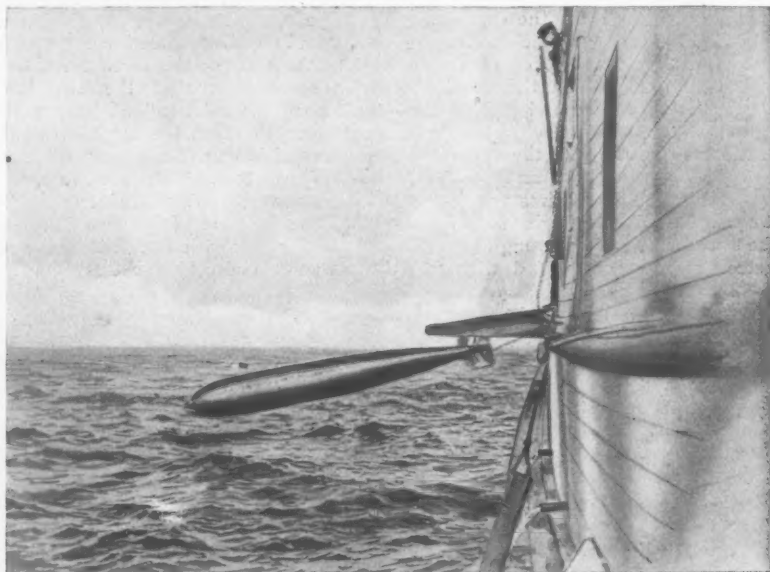


LAUNCH: FIRST POSITION.—TORPEDO LEAVING THE TUBE.

point or nose of this head is an apparatus called the pistol, which is so constructed that the motion of the torpedo through the water turns a small propeller at its forward end, which as it revolves frees a plunger, so that the impact of the torpedo, after running a short distance, will force the plunger down upon a fulminate cap at its base and explode it. This is in contact with a tube of dry gun-cotton extending into the mass of wet gun-cotton, with which the war head is filled. This dry gun-cotton possesses the property of

neath the surface, the engine is started in the act of launching, and it will run any distance required within a thousand yards; generally, about a thousand yards. When it is used with the practice head, after completing its run, the engine stops, automatically, the torpedo jumps out of water and lies on the surface until picked up and fired again.

When used with the war head, it is so adjusted as to sink upon finishing the run, to prevent its falling into the hands of the enemy in case of failing to strike



LAUNCH: SECOND POSITION.

exploding wet gun-cotton upon being ignited in contact with it. Thus the torpedo, when prepared for war, is so constructed that no chance blow can explode it; it must run a certain distance before this can be done,—sufficiently far to exclude all possibility of danger to the vessel firing it.

The other head is made of thin steel, and is ordinarily filled with fresh water, and the torpedo when equipped with this head may be fired an indefinite number of times. In service it is used for practice. This torpedo is so constructed that when launched either from a gun above water, or from a submerged frame be-

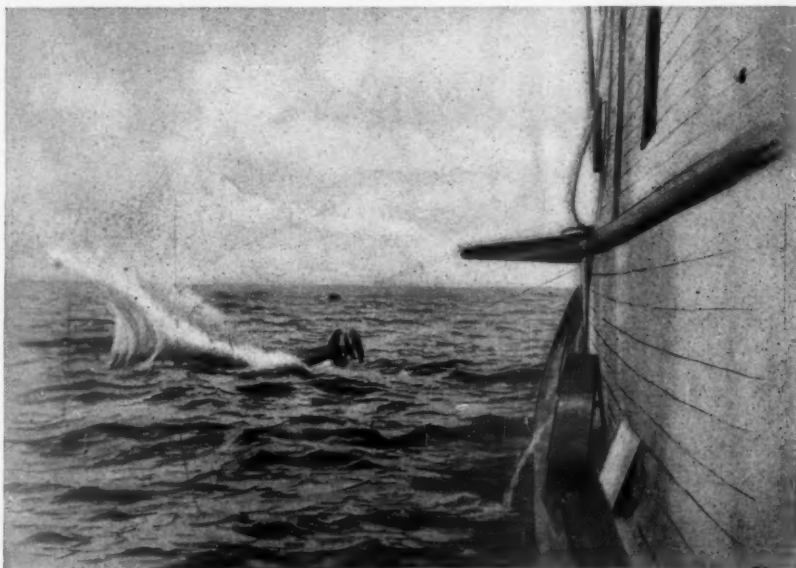
neath the surface, the engine is started in the act of launching, and it will run any distance required within a thousand yards; generally, about a thousand yards. When it is used with the practice head, after completing its run, the engine stops, automatically, the torpedo jumps out of water and lies on the surface until picked up and fired again.

When used with the war head, it is so adjusted as to sink upon finishing the run, to prevent its falling into the hands of the enemy in case of failing to strike the vessel at which it was aimed, also to prevent being a menace to its own ship if left floating. At the Whitehead works on the landlocked bay of Fiume, where the weather, the tides, and the location were favorable, the problem of adjusting torpedoes presented many less difficulties than confronted us in this country. There, it was practicable to charge the torpedoes with air in the factory, and run them out on a dock at their doors, and launch them from a submerged frame, whence they started at their set depth; this latter eliminating one of the greatest difficulties in handling them. The attempt was at first made in

New York harbor to adopt the method of launching from a submerged frame, by building a dock for this purpose; but it was found, after a long and expensive trial, that the tides were so strong and so variable as to render all adjustments unreliable. The very object of the adjustment thus being defeated, as the torpedo, like the rifle-bullet, must go where it is aimed, when not deflected by extraneous causes. When they are likely to be so deflected, the naval officer, knowing the strength and direction of the currents,

in New York harbor as a total loss. It was decided by the Navy Department that the torpedoes should be adjusted by firing from a tube on the deck of a vessel, under the same conditions as prevail in service. This necessitated new methods, and the devising of new rules suitable for these conditions.

It became necessary, first, to charter, and finally to buy, a steamer which was equipped with a torpedo-tube, air-pumps, and all the torpedo appliances of a regular torpedo-boat.



LAUNCH: THIRD POSITION.

must make the necessary allowance in aiming.

The risk of losing torpedoes in New York harbor was very great, the currents often carrying them great distances before they could be recovered, causing much uneasiness among masters of vessels, as they were generally believed to be charged with explosives. It was decided to seek another location, where passing vessels would not be disturbed and where the tidal currents would be reduced to a minimum.

With the assistance of the Navy Department, a location was finally selected in the Peconic bay, at the eastern end of Long Island, abandoning the expensive wharf

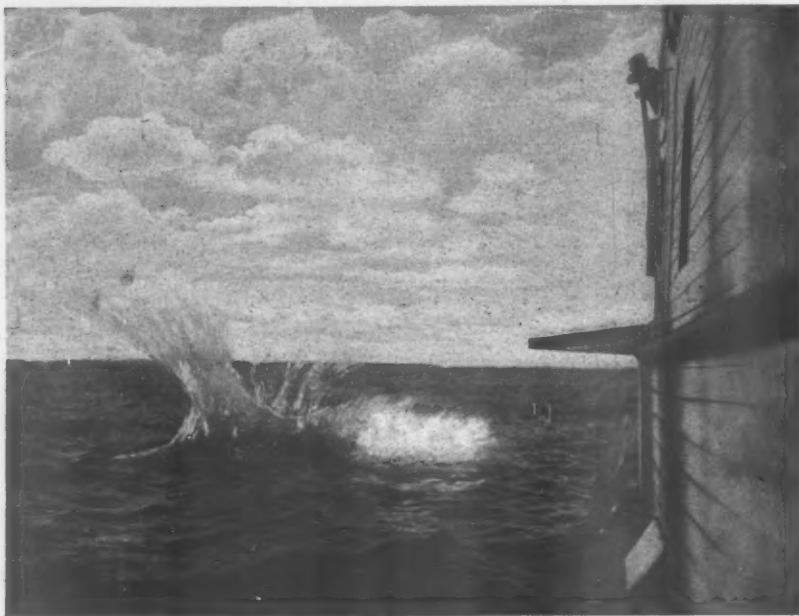
It was not until the summer of 1893 that the difficulties attending the adjustment of torpedoes under these conditions were overcome, and now our cruisers receive their torpedoes adjusted for immediate use, and it is believed adjusted more nearly under the conditions of actual service than in any other navy in the world.

The vessel used as an adjusting station is moored by hawsers attached to four heavy anchors, which are so placed as to hold the vessel stationary. A net two hundred feet long is anchored at the eight-hundred-yard range, so that it hangs vertically in the water, the upper edge on

the surface, the center being marked by a flag. This is the target. At this net is a flat-bottomed boat which is used as a station for the observer for taking the speed, depth, and deviation from the center, and is so arranged as to be moved to any point on the net.

The gun, or launching-tube, is then sighted on the flag, and the torpedo hav-

possible, he stops his watch as it goes through the net. As it is moving at the rate of about twenty-eight knots an hour, and as the torpedo is in advance of the air-bubbles, it requires a quick eye and close observation to catch it. To the uninitiated, it looks like a flash of steel in the water. This speed in an object weighing eight hundred and fifty pounds



THE SPLASH.

ing been charged with compressed air to a pressure of ninety atmospheres, or 1350 pounds to the square inch, is inserted into the gun through the breech, which is closed by an air-tight door. The receiver on top of the gun is then charged, and the torpedo is launched by pressing a lever which admits the air from the receiver in rear of the torpedo and forces it out. A small charge of powder is sometimes used for launching the torpedo. It moves out almost noiselessly, the engine turning the propellers starting up automatically, dives into the water with a splash and disappears. At this splash, the observer at the net starts his stop-watch and looks out for the torpedo, which can be followed by the air-bubbles in its wake. Endeavoring to get as nearly over it as

makes it a dangerous neighbor, even without the explosive, and great care has been necessary to avoid accidents. After passing the net, generally about a hundred yards, the torpedo stops automatically, and finishes its run, with a leap out of the water, almost exactly like a porpoise, and floats until picked up by a steam-launch which brings it back to the firing point, with the record of speed, depth, and deviation, taken by the observer at the net. It is then fired again, with such changes in adjustment as may be necessary, until it is adjusted.

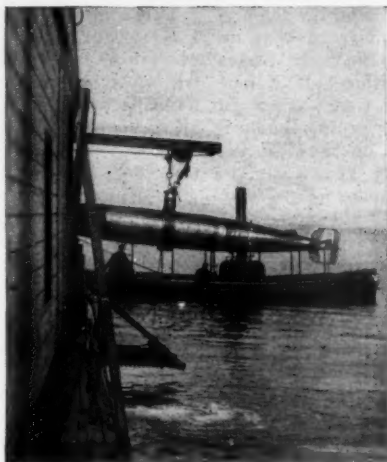
It must then be fired for acceptance, which is determined by the naval inspector present from the record it makes in five successive shots without change of adjustment.

When it is required that the deviation from any set depth shall not exceed fifteen inches at a range of eight hundred yards, and that it may be set to run anywhere from five to twenty feet in depth, it will be seen that this torpedo may be depended upon to strike a vessel at almost any required point below the armor line, where the explosion upon impact will do the most damage.

The torpedoes, after passing the required running tests, are shipped to the United States naval torpedo station at Newport, R. I., where they are placed upon such cruisers as are equipped for them, many of our larger ships being so equipped.

With an additional contract for fifty torpedoes, one hundred and fifty have now been delivered to our navy.

England is reported to have six thousand of these torpedoes, and other naval powers are equipped in proportion.



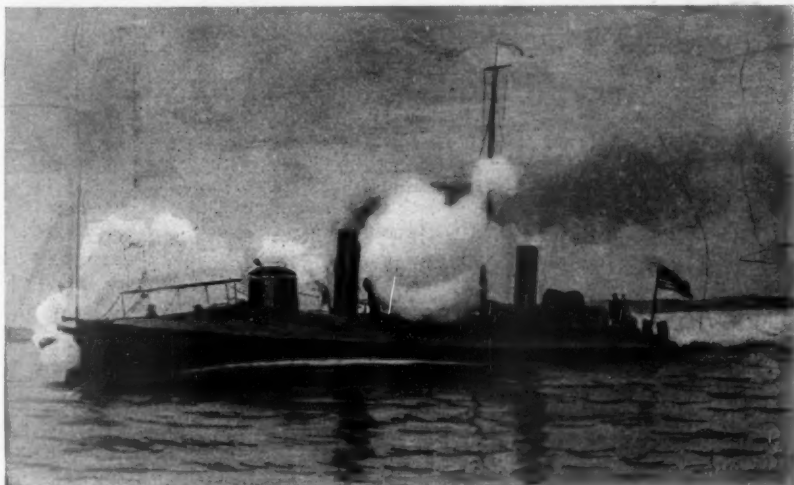
TAKING THE TORPEDO IN AFTER FIRING.

Although costly, their actual value in war, when measured by possible results, is immense, when it is considered that one torpedo properly delivered will sink a man-of-war costing millions.

The moral effect is still greater. Nothing but a strong fleet would dare to approach our coasts if it were known that we were well equipped with torpedoes and torpedo-boats as an adjunct to our navy.

Like the knights of old, armored ships are rapidly becoming more cumbersome and approaching a limit in weight of armor beyond which they cannot go; but they are only protected above the waterline and a short distance below it, and below this armor line are as vulnerable as the unarmored vessels.

The torpedo-boats are generally painted such a color as to be almost invisible at night, are very low in the water, and almost noiseless when under way. In



Drawn by H. C. Fittler from a photo.

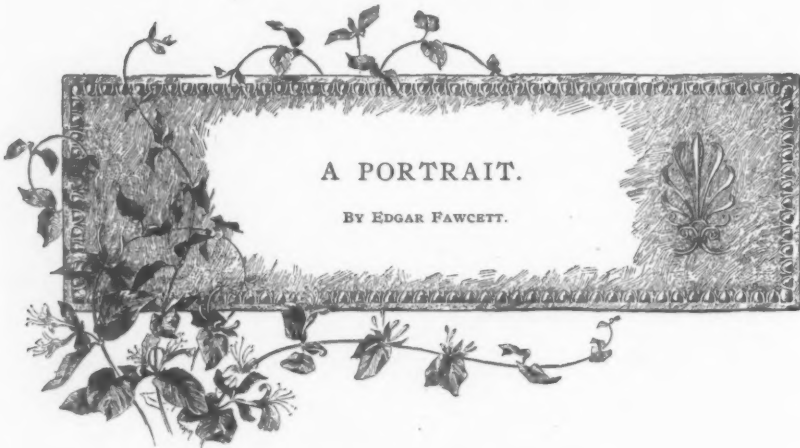
A NIGHT ATTACK.

recent experiments at Newport, when certain cruisers had been warned that an attack would be made by the United States torpedo-boat Cushing within half an hour of a certain designated time; when all had their search-lights sweeping the horizon, and every one was on the alert, the Cushing has repeatedly approached to within close torpedo range unobserved, until she announced her presence by firing a gun.

In day attacks, the torpedo-boat is low in the water and presents but a small target, while the rapidity of its movements is such that it is difficult to hit.

The commander of a torpedo-boat in future wars must be prepared to risk everything in a rush at the enemy; for he will accomplish his object if his torpedoes take effect, even if he loses his boat and all on board.

In our navy at present we have one torpedo-boat, the Cushing. The Ericsson, just completed, is awaiting acceptance. One of the possibilities of the future in our navy is a submarine torpedo-boat armed with auto-mobile torpedoes, which, traveling under the water, launches its torpedoes at the enemy in safety and unobserved.



With all the Egyptian dynasties he copes
Undaunted, and the whole long line of popes.

To nimblest English, if the mood may please,
He turns the tough Greek of Thucydides.

Than he no pundit wiser views may give
On Sanskrit and the Æolic optative.

With ease his memory, name by name, can shoot
Backward from Queen Victoria to Canute.

Yet still, at fifty-seven, he sighs and frets,
Pinioned by poverty and dogged by debts.

THE PILGRIM SONS.

BY H. B. FULLER.

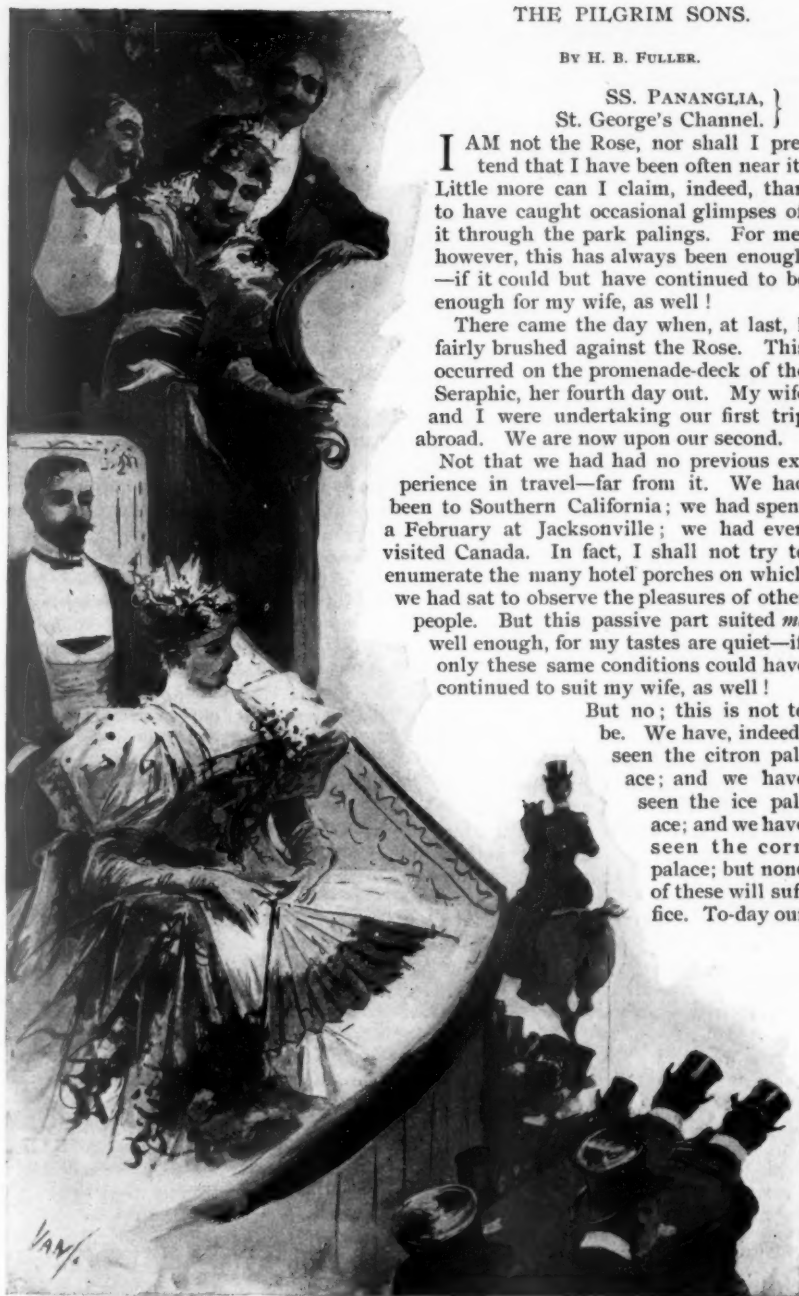
SS. PANANGLIA, }
St. George's Channel. }

I AM not the Rose, nor shall I pretend that I have been often near it. Little more can I claim, indeed, than to have caught occasional glimpses of it through the park palings. For me, however, this has always been enough—if it could but have continued to be enough for my wife, as well!

There came the day when, at last, I fairly brushed against the Rose. This occurred on the promenade-deck of the Seraphic, her fourth day out. My wife and I were undertaking our first trip abroad. We are now upon our second.

Not that we had had no previous experience in travel—far from it. We had been to Southern California; we had spent a February at Jacksonville; we had even visited Canada. In fact, I shall not try to enumerate the many hotel porches on which we had sat to observe the pleasures of other people. But this passive part suited *me* well enough, for my tastes are quiet—if only these same conditions could have continued to suit my wife, as well!

But no; this is not to be. We have, indeed, seen the citron palace; and we have seen the ice palace; and we have seen the corn palace; but none of these will suffice. To-day our



Drawn by S. W. Van Schaick.

faces are turned toward the sawdust palace; and this, wind and weather permitting, we shall reach before many hours are past.

The sawdust palace—the epithet is not my own. No; I am indebted for it to old Brown, who has interrupted his researches in Hampshire (researches on our behalf) to pen the page of welcome which was put into my hand at Queenstown an hour ago. His full phrase is, “the portal of the sawdust palace.” It stands open for us, he says.

Between you and me, old Brown—his pen once in hand—is apt to be a bit florid. And since his publication of the “Genealogy of the Pshaw Family” (two vols., quarto, half morocco), his consciousness of his literary qualifications has heightened this peculiarity. But I must not allow myself to slur him, for without some hints from him I never could have drawn up the present document—my first attempt, as you must see plainly enough.

My wife was once a happy woman, and that, too, not many months ago. But slowly and imperceptibly—so slowly and imperceptibly that I could never note its actual beginning—discontent gathered like a cloud above her. Presently this cloud began to discharge itself in a mist-like drizzle of words. At first I was somewhat amiss, let me frankly own, in arriving at an understanding. But after a little the drizzle became a pretty sharp shower; and the shower, in turn, became a regular, heavy downpour. And in the midst of this downpour came a thunder-clap and a neat bit of lightning. Then I understood. Perhaps I should have understood before. But I am only a plain, plodding person, no cleverer than another; and who would have expected so sudden a turn in a sensible woman of forty-two?

“I am getting tired of all this,” declared my wife. We were just back from the Catskills. We had decorated the hotel porch there just as quietly, as industriously, as unobtrusively as we had decorated scores of others. “I want to go somewhere that’s worth while, and see somebody that’s of some account, and be a little of somebody myself, if possible. I want to go to Europe.”

“Very well,” said I, as soon as I had recovered my composure; “you shall. I will look into the matter at once.”

I did so, and made my report.

“We can go on the *Economia* to Glasgow,” I informed her, “for eighty dollars apiece; or, on the *Vulgaria* for seventy; or, the *Vaterland* will set us down for a little more at Southampton—about a hundred, if we don’t ask for their best.”

“Yes,” responded my wife, with flashing eyes; “or, we can pay a decent price for decent accommodations, and cross with a crowd of people that will be worth while. We can go by the *Seraphic*, which sails three weeks from to-day; or, by the *Archangelic*, which sails a week later.”

“We can, my dear,” I replied. “We will.” We did.

By the *Seraphic*, that is to say, as I have indicated at the beginning. I myself should have preferred the sailing of a week later. A few days more would have seen my affairs put into a slightly better condition. We should also have been able to do justice to the winter wardrobe of our Emmy, at Wellesley, and I should have had an opportunity for drawing up a code of paternal instructions for the use of George, at Cornell. I believe that my wife herself might have made her outfitting a more complete success, and I believe, too, that she would have enjoyed the extra seven days’ clarification of her plans and intentions among our friends and neighbors. But the choice of boats which she seemed to have presented to me became, in reality, no choice at all. For some occult reason, it was the *Seraphic*, or nothing, and the *Seraphic* of that particular date, and no other date.

It was the *Seraphic* of that particular date. My wife looked as well as she should have looked in her new brown ulster; and she had three bouquets of fair size (however come by) on the middle table of the saloon, and half a dozen estimable people to wave her adieu from the pier. I smelt the bouquets, and then went up and waved with the rest, and out we slid.

My wife is a most worthy and deserving woman, and if she develops into the heroine of this tale, it will be because my theme becomes stronger than I am and runs away with me. She has been a good wife and mother, a joy to her family, and a credit to the community, and as such I shall continue to think of her still. But I will acknowledge that ever since

that evening at the horse show I have been a bit uneasy in my mind.

I spoke to old Brown about it. I myself am rather easy-going, and old Brown is more so. He laughed, as I might have known he would.

"Of course, she noticed how they were all dressed," he chuckled. "Isn't she a woman?"

"But she knew their names, and their faces, and their connections, and histories—box after box. You told me so, yourself."

"Oh, well," observed old Brown, merely. But his carelessness was not at all reassuring.

You know how things are arranged at the horse show: the brutes in the middle and the humans massed concentrically in the amphitheater around them. Of the two orders of beings, the humans (some of them) attract by far the more attention. Those of some position, ambition, or pretension occupy a circle of boxes ranged round the front of the amphitheater, while persons of less prominence accommodate themselves on long lines of seats behind. Between the boxes and the central arena there runs an elliptical promenade, round which the persons of less prominence may saunter and may scrutinize at close range man's best friend on the one hand or man himself on the other. It seems to me that most of the persons of less prominence prefer man himself. I am of that humbler rank (or used to be), and I acknowledge freely that I have always had more interest in the human than in the brute side of the spectacle. I take things—I insist upon it—quite simply and easily, with no oppressive sense of my own merits, with no harassing belief that I am getting less than my just dues, and certainly with no overmastering desire to reform the universe. Such a spectacle, therefore, as the horse show I have always viewed with a placid pleasure, telling of that brilliant promenade, season after season, in staid enjoyment. And there was a time when my wife could do it, too, and do it with as full a content.

But last year developed a difference. I made my customary suggestion that we descend from our places and take our usual view of things from a nearer point and a lower level. But my wife hung

back, and, if I understood correctly, she murmured something about such a course being contrary to her ideas of dignity. I half surmised, in my dull fashion, that perhaps my wife fancied herself as entitled rather to a place in a box than to the mere privilege of the floor: how do I know, indeed, but that she panted for a big number placarded into the small of her back, and a place in the cavalcade of the ring? But, really (as I felt), we were not rich (at least, not over-rich), we were not clever, we were not showy, we were wholly unlikely ever to achieve notoriety of any kind whatever, and I am afraid that our presence in so conspicuous a place as a box (for I say nothing about the ring) would have required a word of justification—or at least, of explanation.

"Very well," I said, putting my hat back under my seat. "But I see several ladies of the best set walking in the promenade."

"They can afford to," said my wife, shortly, and took a firm hold on the arm of her chair.

So we remained sitting where we were, prepared to enjoy our new access of dignity to the full. Never before had we troubled ourselves with such an idea. But I was just as well pleased; I preferred to see in the faces of other men's wives, rather than in the face of my own, the abject abandonment to the worship of worldly success and the half-veiled envy of the homage that such success is only too certain to bring.

But as the evening wore on, my wife grew perceptibly restless. At length, old Brown came lumbering along, and she rose as if she had reached some decision. My wife has no great esteem for old Brown—what he might remark or might think would give her very little concern; so I knew what she was going to say before she said it: she felt tired and cramped, and she thought it would rest her to walk round just once, if Mr. Brown . . .

So off they went. It was impossible to follow their progress over that vast and crowded oval; but I know (now) just how my wife's face must have looked during the whole of that momentous course. It wore the same look of overstrained attention that I observed during our earliest tramps up and down the promenade-deck

of the Seraphic,—particularly at such moments as we happened to be passing the doors or port-holes of a certain extensive suite de luxe; for the Seraphic pushes luxury to the utmost bounds of a bewildering and abandoned ostentation, and can give you absolutely anything that you are able to pay for. Yes, my wife's eyes, her ears, her inmost being must have been alert and straining for some intimate, but instantaneous revelation; her face must have blazoned the hope of brushing against some gorgeous manifestation or other, and of carrying away some part of the gilding. But when she returned to her place her expression was impatient, disappointed, and she resumed her seat with a little sigh and with a vexed twitch at her toilet.

"Their box was empty, after all," Brown whispered to me.

"Whose?" I demanded, severely; I did not recognize his right to be so confidential—on such a theme.

But Brown only laughed—with such an assumption of familiarity that I could almost have slapped his face.

"They will need me sometime—again," Brown added presently, in his musing, semi-detached fashion.

"What for?" I asked, quite in the dark, but willing to be switched off on to another track for the good-will I bear to Brown himself, who is a dear old chap, after all, and one of my real friends. Of course, slapping his face, or even thinking of it, was quite beside the question.

But old Brown chuckled to himself and lumbered off again—to buy his passage to Liverpool, it seemed; for the next time I saw him it was in the saloon of the Seraphic. He was just adding a fourth bouquet to my wife's collection.

"This is good of you," I cried, shaking his hand warmly. I shook, and shook, and gradually merged my thanks into a good-by. "There goes the bell, you know. You don't want to be carried off, do you? Not but what I should like to have you, though," I added cordially, and I meant it.

"M—I don't know," replied old Brown, in a leisurely voice. "I shouldn't mind: I'd just as soon be." And a smile overtook his wide mouth and his kind old eyes. He then transferred these eyes to the fourth bouquet. "Not much,

is it?" he said, apologetically; "but every little helps."

"Helps?" I repeated, resentfully. And then I noticed that my wife's other baskets were all of the same size and style, and were all tagged by the same hand. But I did not make my observation public. We must bear and forbear, and Ellen has always been a good wife, and mother, and friend.

"But look at those!" exclaimed old Brown, with the considerate air of one who contrives a pitying diversion. I thanked him inwardly, and followed the hand which pointed down the saloon to the middle section of the middle table. Here half a dozen enormous floral fabrications, beribboned and bearded, formed the nucleus of a vast and elaborate display; they nodded and flaunted above a score of minor manifestations of the florist's art, and round them half a hundred men and women pressed, and crowded, and fluttered, and fingered, and wondered, and smelt.

"They're aboard," said Brown, laconically.

"They! Who?" My eye fastened itself on a great mass of nodding roses, over which were crossed the English and American flags.

"The Pilgrim Sons," he replied. "They're going back."

The crowd ebbed and flowed. Shoulders and elbows clashed against one another; noses buried themselves in the blossoms; hands patted the big bows of saffron and blue; eyes devoured the well-known names scratched angularly on the cards. And in the fore of the fight, contending with the rest, I saw my own wife.

Our eyes met. I turned mine away at once, but not before I had seen Ellen achieve a sudden effect of sated curiosity, almost of wearied indifference. In spite of myself, I glanced at her again; within this five seconds of grace she had gone so far as to achieve an amused patronage for the distempered interest of the rest. It is at such moments as this that I freely acknowledge my wife's right to a career.

When I turned round again, she was beside us. She had a passenger-list in her hand. It was the very first one that I saw—I don't know how she contrived to get hold of it so soon. It seemed to be folded for easy reference. She thanked

Drawn by S. W. Van Schaick.

"IN TIME I BECAME DIMLY CONSCIOUS OF A LITTLE CONVERSATION."



Brown civilly enough for the flowers—not so civilly but that I added some more thanks of my own to hers; and presently she discovered that his name was included in the list. I might have guessed for myself that he was going; but then, as I say, I am no cleverer than another.

"Yes," said old Brown, genially, "I'm crossing again."

"What for—this time?" I asked.

"Tombstones—same as before," he replied. "I'm going to give a little further attention to the graves of the Washingtons, and I've got two or three new families to fix out: town records, parish registers, coats of arms from old monuments—that sort of thing. Don't you want something in my line? Don't you want to be traced back to Edward III.—or somebody? Come, say yes; I'll do it for my actual expenses."

"No, I don't," I replied. "My father kept a country store at Schenectady, and my grandfather farmed it in Vermont, and that's all there is to it."

"Why, Theodore!" said my wife.

Now why should my wife have said,

"Why, Theodore?" It nettled me.

"They behaved themselves," I said, therefore, "and paid their debts, and brought up their children properly. It strikes me that that's reaching a pretty high average in such a world as ours."

"Yes; but didn't any of 'em come over?" persisted old Brown. He was looking at me quizzically from above his spectacles, and I suddenly recalled his ability to take a facetious view of his own profession. "Come, say they came over about 1630 or 1636. Say they were of good yeoman stock in Warwick or Northampton. Give me something to start on!" cried old Brown, in the accents of a mock pleading.

"Perhaps they did, and perhaps they didn't," I replied. "Perhaps they were, and perhaps they weren't. I don't know, and I don't care."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Brown. "Is that the way you talk? Don't you want the right crest on your stationery? Don't you want the proper coat of arms on your carriage? Don't you want to be decently received by your English cousins when you go to visit in your dear old home? Don't you want—Dear me, I never saw such a man in my life!"

My wife paused in the creasing and re-creasing of her list. "I can remember my grandmother saying that she was a second cousin of Lord——" my partner began; but the bell jangled out once more, the last section of the departing crowd gave a final rush, and I was left in the same ignorance as regarded the aristocratic connection of the other side of the house that I had enjoyed for the past twenty years—not to speak of the twenty-five before.

The weather was fairly good at the start, and continued so for a day or two. We spent a good deal of time in the open air; we walked up and down the deck, as we saw other people doing, and sometimes we laid ourselves out on chairs, as we saw still others preferring to do. We walked, yes; but with this difference: the rest of the company changed from side to side, according as the sun moved, or the wind shifted, or the deck-hands willed. But we, I noticed, regardless of wind or weather, or of our own convenience, or that of other people, walked habitually on the port side. I myself should have preferred a change, if only for the sake of change; but my wife knows what she wants, and what she wants I usually want too. Only while I had eyes for the horizon, the yards, the pushing prow, the hundreds of nautical novelties all about me, Ellen had eyes for the doors of the *suites de luxe* alone.

There came a change. The ocean weltered and the sky went gray. Ellen lay composedly in her deck-chair, and I retired to my cabin. For two days I fed on the swinging of curtains and the straining of partitions—with a spoonful or two of oatmeal gruel in between—while the big waves tumbled on a horizon brought miraculously near, and old Father Ocean seemed bent on showing how many kinds of a fool he could be. My seclusion was complete. Ellen remained above; I had made no acquaintances; I had not even taken occasion to go over the passenger-list. In time I tottered up to air and sunlight. Ellen herself had suffered never a qualm. It is at such a juncture as this that a husband may feel his inferiority to his wife; Ellen's, I acknowledge, is a more masterful spirit than mine.

Old Brown came tramping along, as I

lay there feebly in my chair—not close to Ellen's, for the deck steward had seen fit to part us. Old Brown looked red and rosy, and atrociously competent and healthy as he stood before me at his angle of forty-five degrees—oh, how it was rolling!—but he did not condole with me nor patronize me. I couldn't have struck him if he had. He knew it; his treatment of me is always fair.

"They are on deck, too," he announced. He had planted himself before me in complete disdain of any prop. All at once he changed his angle of inclination from starboard to port, and substituted a background of sea for a background of sky.

"Who?" I asked feebly—for he made me dizzy.

"The Pilgrims," he responded. "The New York one is in the smoking-room, and the Boston one is reading 'Vanity Fair' abaft."

"Do go away," I said pettishly, and turned my poor, weak head to the other side.

And turning thus, I saw my wife. She stood about twenty-five feet away and she was duplicating old Brown's shiftings and slantings with an immense spirit, and promptness, and precision. You might have thought her the daughter, the wife, the mother of sailors; you might have fancied her as having navigated the high seas on a dolphin's back from time immemorial. I felt like a weak rag beside her. I am one.

Immediately in front of her were two children—a pair of prepossessing little things of seven and eight, who were attired discreetly and tastefully in modified sailor style. Each was attended by a nurse, arrayed after her kind.

Ellen was petting these children, trying to engage and to hold their attention. And I recall now—though I did not notice it then—that this little group was posed before the entrance to one of the cabinets de luxe; and I have thought since that Ellen knew it, and meant it to be so.

Now Ellen, as I have said before, has been a good mother to my children: she attended to all their little aches and pains and always saw that their wardrobes were kept up in proper fashion. But I never observed that her liking for her own children extended to children generally—

I should never have figured her as posing for a picture of Caritas. So I wondered, naturally enough, what she was after.

"That isn't the Rose," said old Brown, as he waved his finger-tips toward the little group of children and attendants. "It's only the buds and some of the outlying foliage. And as for the stalk—that is in the smoking-room, as I have already explained. But the Rose, the real rose, the real heart of the rose is there,—'within,' as the dramatist would say." And he waved his finger-tips again—toward the door beside which my wife stood.

"I thought you'd gone," I groaned. I drew my rug over my face—I hardly knew why.

"I haven't," responded old Brown, placidly. "The Rose remains within the greenhouse," he proceeded. "She disdains to be refreshed by the general shower, but is revived by the application of her own private watering-pot thrice daily."

"Good heavens!" I mumbled, from beneath my shelter, "are you talking about some lady who takes her meals in her cabin instead of in the saloon?"

"I am," said old Brown.

"And do you want to tell me who she is?"

"I do," said old Brown.

"And will you go away as soon as you have told me, and leave me alone?"

"I will," said old Brown.

I rose again to the surface. "Who is it, then?" I asked, showing the tip of my nose above my rug.

Old Brown spoke never a word. He took a passenger-list from his pocket, folded it in a particular manner, laid it on my chest, pointed to some six or eight lines of broken type, and walked away. And then I knew.

I saw that I was in almost immediate contact with one of our most eminent families. I had never yet seen a single member of it, but for months past I had heard their plans canvassed and criticized in society and in the newspapers, and now I was a witness to the actual carrying-out of them. I was now breathing the same air with these distinguished voyagers, and this air was, properly enough, the broad zone of neutral atmosphere which separates America from Eng-

land. For the eminent family, root and branch, had completely renounced the new world, and were about to resume an interrupted allegiance to the old.

The instant I read their names, I saw the real reason for my wife's peculiar conduct. I saw now why she had promenaded at the horse show; I saw why we had left on one particular steamer and on one particular date; I saw why she had busied herself over the flowers and flags on the saloon table at the hour of departure; I saw why we had done all our tramping on only one side of the ship; and I saw the motive of my wife's attention to the brace of nautical infants. Oh, Ellen, Ellen!—Do you wonder, dear reader, that I withhold our family name?

I returned to the list in sheer self-defense. There were the two men, and their two wives, and their five or six associated children, and the valets, and maids, and nurses (lumped as such, without the dignity of their own proper names). "Why, there must be as many as eighteen of them!" I exclaimed to myself.

"Eighteen? There are more than two dozen of them," said a voice at my elbow—old Brown's.

"Brown," I cried, "you promised to go away. As soon as I can stand on my feet I'll kill you!"

"I did go away," he rejoined, serenely. "I went as far as the smoking-room door. I've come back again."

I threw the list down on to the deck, and drew up my rug round my throat and chin.

Brown picked up the list with no indication of offense: he is one of the few who know how to make allowance for a seasick man.

"There's an uncle, too," he said, "and a sister-in-law. And here in the B's is the secretary—under his own name, of course. And the governess is in the L's. And the coachman is in the second cabin—he's going home, too. Did you ever go through a riot on shipboard?" asked old Brown, suddenly. "Perhaps I should say a mutiny, though, since we are at sea."

"What do you mean?" I asked. I was feeling miserable enough, but almost anybody can take an interest in a fight, and at almost any time.

"They have 'em in the fire-room sometimes, when the day is extra hot and the force a little short-handed. And they have 'em in the second cabin sometimes, when a servant—they're having one there now. The coachman is a decent enough young fellow, but the resolutions of the second-class passengers declare him a 'menial,' and they protest that"—old Brown gesticulated the rest of his statement to some dark clouds on the northern horizon.

"There'll be another riot, too,—on shore," he proceeded, with an unabated cheerfulness. "Some fine day the family will dine in their private apartment and send the secretary and the governess down to the general table d'hôte—as another of our eminent families once did in Paris. Then the whole cosmopolitan clientèle of a big hotel, declining to acknowledge the primacy of our eminent family, will rise in its wrath and—"

Old Brown again waved the end of his sentence to the clouds, whose darkness might well have typified the storm he shrank from depicting.

"However," he ambled on, presently, "it's pleasant enough to see them finally united among themselves. The strength of union is required for such an undertaking as theirs, eh?"

Then I recalled the quarrel that for one whole autumn had reverberated among the hills of Western Massachusetts and had started a long train of rattling echoes in the columns of the public prints. The headship of the clan was in dispute. The Boston side had claimed primacy; they were the elder branch, they maintained; they had always held to the original ground, and they avowed themselves the better exponents and guardians of the traditions of the line. The New York side disputed this primacy; they were the richer, the more numerous, the more brilliant, the more widely known; they were too much of the living present to lay any great stress on tradition, and they glozed over their change of base in the early twenties by declaring that in leaving Shawmut for Manhattan they had but left the skirts of the arena for the center of it. The quarrel was pushed to the breaking-point, when suddenly a bright light seemed to burst, a wider horizon to open, a greater cause and a greater opportunity



Drawn by
S. W. Van Schaick.

"HE LOOKED AT ME NOW AND THEN."

to make themselves manifest, and both factions uniting, embraced the common idea of seeking peace and amity in a fresh, wide field beyond the sea.

"Brave thing to do," commented old Brown, simply. "The antique Pilgrim spirit still survives, eh?"

That night there was another change in the weather, and the next morning we found a corresponding change in the deck arrangements. For in the interval those black clouds had risen and emptied themselves upon us, and had left us with a clear sky, a shifted wind, and a general shake-up of chairs. Ellen and I came together again on the other side of the ship, and alongside of us there was an orderly range of wicker-chairs—not mere O. C. ones, like our own—which the deck steward had never ventured to disperse. There were four or five of them; they had a distinct air of individuality and elegance, and they were all marked on the back with the appropriate initials. I knew what those initials were before I looked to see, but I shall not give them here. Nor shall I speculate on the chance which brought these chairs and ours together.

I drowsed in one chair, with a supine and lethargic effect of which I should have been heartily ashamed on land; next me reclined Ellen (in her neat, brown

ulster, or whatever), passive, placid, decorous; beyond Ellen, upon the nearest of the wicker-chairs, lay another woman who was too thoroughly wrapped up to be easily distinguishable, even by anybody who had seen her before. I never had, but I divined instantly who she was: the Rose. This was the total result of one of my completely conscious intervals. But it was enough, and I dozed off again.

Presently a slight sound startled me: a book had slipped from its niche in the folded coverings of our bemuffled neighbor, and had fallen with a smart slap on to the deck. I half turned my head and half opened my eyes: an eager woman in a brown ulster had already seized the volume and was returning it to its owner with a quick officiousness which almost made me blush. Was it Ellen, my wife, as for an instant I imagined? No, no,—congratulate me on the fact; it was only a misguided creature dressed just like her, who had sat opposite us during my first (and only) dinner, and who had been hovering upon the circumference of high fashion ever since.

Ellen? No. That admirable woman made not the slightest sign—never stirred, never opened her eyes, never moved a feature. Yet I could stake my life that she sensed the whole situation, tingled with it, felt it, heard it, almost saw it. How do I know, you ask. Dear reader, observe carefully the next cat you happen to encounter lying before a kitchen fire. You

may say to me that she is in a careless doze; but I say to you that she is in a state of high and uninterrupted nervous tension. She knows where you are, and what you are about, and just what the chances are of your stepping on her tail. So with Ellen. I knew I could trust her, and presently I slid off placidly into another nap.

In time I became dimly conscious of a little conversation going on close at hand. It was irregular, broken, full of lapses and revivals, casual, indifferent—as if neither participant had much to say, nor cared very much whether she said it or no. But it was a conversation, all the same, and the voice of one speaker was the voice of my wife, and the voice of the other speaker was the voice of the Rose.

"What did you talk about?" I asked Ellen.

"Oh, nothing in particular," she replied, with a vague but complacent smile.

"But how—how—?" No; that question I could not bring myself to put. Could you yourself, dear friend, have blurted out the inquiry that paused upon my lips?—the inquiry: "How did you start the talk?" As for myself, I have imagined a dozen beginnings. Not the sea, nor the weather; no such bungling as that for my clever Ellen. Perhaps the fringes of their rugs became entangled; perhaps they spilled beef-tea on each other; perhaps Ellen abducted the steward from the other woman, and then apologized for it; perhaps she contrived to squeeze a finger or two between the chairs and made the other woman apologize to her. Perhaps—but no matter; they became acquainted.

You may expect me to have done as much with the men of the party as my wife did with the women. But I accomplished nothing of the kind. I indeed encountered the two (they were cousins) in the smoking-room once or twice, but I had no words with them. They were big, well-kept, well-fed, handsome fellows, whose faces and bearing hinted at large possibilities in the direction of an exterritorial career; and I believe that one of them, at least (the New York one), would have spoken to me if I had only spoken to him. He looked at me now and then (he was my junior by a few years) as if he detected in my make-up the qualities

proper to a discreet and sympathetic confidant; and indeed I will not dispute the justice of the expectation that he should have taken me into one of those leathery angles behind the card-tables and frankly have given me his explanation, his apology, his whatever for his own unique and exceptional course: so much, it may seem, was due to mere literature. But I am no diplomat, and I am unduly shy, perhaps, in the presence of celebrity; besides, he seemed so brooded over by a vast yet uncertain future, that I would no sooner have interrupted his meditative smoke upon the deck of the Seraphic than one of his own forefathers would have interrupted the prayer of a Bradford or a Carver upon the deck of the Mayflower. So I left him to the flatteries of those who fawned and to the cumbersome conscientiousness of those others who, with a Spartan-like aloofness, held out for equality to the total exclusion of fraternity, and contented myself with talking things over not with the subject himself but with my wife and old Brown.

"You thought he seemed lonely, eh?" observed Brown. "Well, that's the fate of eminence, of celebrity, of leadership in a great cause. I guess the others were lonely, too, weren't they?"

The others? Did he mean the secretary and the governess.

"Yes, the others—the great-great-great-grandfathers. And their loneliness wasn't for a single week, either; they had eight or nine of it."

"What's time got to do with it?" I objected. "It isn't the number of weeks you are on the water; it's having gone on the water, to start with. That's where the nerve comes in—or the folly."

"They didn't have anybody to pass bouillon and sandwiches in the middle of the forenoon," continued Brown, with his eye on the distant figure of the sidling deck-steward. "They didn't have a ten-course dinner served at twilight."

"It isn't the food," I moaned; "it's the being able to eat it."

"They didn't have twin screws and water-tight compartments, and double bottoms," went on old Brown, tiresomely. "They didn't post up five hundred miles every noon in the companionway."

"I don't care if they didn't," I growled. "I only wish this had been a leaky old

tub, too, and that we had had to put back to port before we had fairly got started."

"Why, Theodore!" said my wife.

"Oh, well," continued Brown, soothingly, "I'm not disputing your heroism, nor that of the Queen's new lieges, either. Perhaps they are more heroic than they themselves realize. I don't know whether they have had as tough a time as you during this present cruise, but I expect they are going to have one all right enough after landing."

"How do you mean?" asked my wife.

"Well, that's the way it was with their ancestors, two hundred and fifty years ago. Disheartened by the ruggedness of the country, by the rigors of the climate, by the hostility of the aborigines . . ." began the old fellow, soaringly; I almost saw his finger tracing its way over the page of history.

"Dear me, Brown," I interrupted; "if you're quoting, give us your author, and page, and paragraph."

This rebuke had its effect: Brown closed the volume of history, and when he resumed, it was in his own words and his own way.

"Well," he said, "New England may be rugged, but old England is rugged, too. Talk about a 'stony-hearted' Fleet street!—why, the whole West End is adamant! I never walked through it,—as a social aspirant,—but I've heard of others who have, and who only limped back footsore for their pains."

My wife stiffened up a little in her chair, tilting her chin, and setting her lips in a firm, straight line. You might have fancied that here, at least, was one whose baggage contained shoes suited to the byways of Belgravia.

"And then the dreadful English climate," pursued old Brown, suavely. "Those benumbing winters, those chilling springs; the cutting blasts of May, the nipping frosts of June—so deadly to the new-comer in London. I have heard that ambitious strangers sometimes have to chafe their noses even as late as July. I have never been frost-bitten, because I have never exposed myself." He smoothed his hands in a self-congratulatory manner.

Ellen all this time had been studying Brown with a growing disapproval, and

these last words of his apparently hastened her determination, long since evident, to speak.

"It seems to me," she said coldly, "it's right enough for people to know what they want, and to try to get it, and to go wherever they must go to get it. The early settlers knew what they wanted, and what they didn't want. They knew what they could stand, and what they couldn't stand. They stood things not to their taste as long as they could, and then they made a change. And it seems to me (woman's-club phrase, again) that others may have the same privilege."

"Of course," said old Brown, with a ready acquiescence which showed his perception of having gone too far. "If you don't like the religious ritual of England, you go to America. If you don't like the social ritual of America, you go to England. Turn and turn about—it's all fair. Sometimes one thing seems the important thing; sometimes another."

"I don't believe that is just what Ellen means," I put in, for I felt that I was now coming to a better understanding of my spouse. "I think she means that it's kind of exasperating to be conscious of your ability to play a large part, and yet to be hampered by a cramped stage and indifferent scenery and an audience that isn't—well, that isn't quite so distinguished as some other one you have in mind. H'm!"

"Of course," admitted old Brown again. "It must be awful to have lots of money and yet to feel all the time that there's no way of spending it at home to your advantage and credit. Glory, I might add, too. If that's overstrong, I'll make it vainglory. Think of those poor Southerners who used to have to come away to New York to work off their dollars, because there was no striking opportunity of doing so in their own district. Cotton-fields traveled then; rents and dividends travel now."

"Those poor people—precisely," said Ellen, sympathetically. "I was always so sorry for them, too."

"You weren't, any such thing," I protested. "You never thought anything about it—you know you didn't. You weren't old enough."

"Well, anyway, I'm sorry for them now."

"No, you're not, either; they haven't got any more money—nowadays."

"I mean—" began my wife, in a vexed tone. Then she stopped, disdainful of my little sally. "You're beginning to feel better, aren't you?" was all she said. "Hadh't you better let them carry away that plate of orange peel?"

I was beginning to feel better—so much better that when we resumed our comments and speculations after lunch (to which meal I actually went down) I was able to assist in devising a career such as should be possible in England for a gentleman, a scholar, and a landlord: "for of course they'll have estates there, too," said my thoughtful Ellen. And we agreed between ourselves, despite old Brown, that perhaps our late compatriots could seize—and meant to seize—larger opportunities than those connected merely with balls, dinners, and house parties,—that they might be among the first-strung cables in the vast bridge that was soon and indissolubly to unite. But I am no postprandial orator, as yet; so I will refrain. However, we generously extended them invitations in the direction of literature, and art, and science (as patrons, at least), and in the direction of philanthropy, of education,—even of politics; "seeing," said Ellen, again, "that England is a country where it is possible for a gentleman, and a scholar, and a landlord, to make his weight felt in the governing of things. He is sure, also, of being treated with deference by the populace—"

"Even if he doesn't deserve it," I broke in.

"It's very pleasant," rejoined my wife, "to be treated with deference, whether you deserve it or not. And it's a country, too, where the very tradespeople—"

"Ellen!" I cried, "no more. My father kept a country store at Schenect—"

My wife turned her back on me and walked away. With her the past is past; her face is set toward the future.

All through the afternoon I continued to pick up. Toward dinner-time I took a turn or two over the deck in a fairly sprightly style; it seemed as absurd that I should ever have been seasick as it had seemed, on land, that I ever could be, or, as it had seemed during the actual trouble, that I could ever be anything else, or ever had been anything else. That evening,

as I was in good health and spirits, and fully presentable, Ellen brought me to the notice of the lady whom I have alluded to throughout, thanks to Brown's fancy, under a floral designation. My partner thought (and properly enough, I'm sure,) that she might strain her interest in that direction so far as to bring forward her own husband, and I must say that I was very graciously received. I carefully toned down the jauntiness that was the inevitable accompaniment of the great and agreeable reaction from which I was now profiting; I was discreet, brief, and a bit distingué (I had never made a conscious study of being any of the three before), and Ellen had assured me more than once since that happy hour that I may very well hope for a satisfactory participation in her own luminous future.

The next day I made the acquaintance of the two men; I had ten minutes' talk with one of them up near the chart-room door, and if it had really been a day (a full day, instead of a mere fragmental half day to finish the trip) something memorable might have been said. But it was the eleventh hour—well nigh, indeed, on to the twelfth; it was no time for confession, nor for profession. But the new Englishman was friendly and approachable enough, and communicative enough, too, toward a ten-minute acquaintance. I was very much pleased with him, and very much pleased with myself. I trust, too, that he was pleased with me; for seldom have I been more solicitous about the impression I might be making on one so much my junior.

Is it necessary for me to state that my wife and I subsequently met these distinguished neo-Anglicans on land? I trust not. But I must disabuse you, in mere honesty, of the idea that we met them repeatedly, or that we became in any great degree intimate with them. They, indeed, entertained us—but only once. Perhaps we expected more—until we recalled old Brown's caustic observation that our friends would probably not go to the trouble of establishing themselves in England merely for the purpose of entertaining their former fellow-citizens. We went down into Warwick presently; Ellen said something about the attractions of the midland counties. The sole function to which our fellow-voyagers bade us

was quite small and simple (though, indeed, tasteful and tactful), and it was given while things were on the provisional footing that preceded the family's full and formal establishment. But it brought Ellen into immediate contact with three or four people of the kind she wanted to reach, and circumstances made it almost as easy for her to follow them up in the country as in town. You have heard, dear reader, of the Indian juggler and the mango-tree that sprouts and mounts before your very eyes. Well, Ellen is a social mango-grower, if ever one existed on this planet. Let the tiniest sprout of opportunity show itself upon the bare, hard field of society, and she detects it, she coaxes it, she manipulates it; it grows, it towers, it spreads, and presently we are sitting under its shade and weaving chaplets from its foliage for our triumphant brows. At least, this is what I am anticipating; nor are you to imagine for a moment that Ellen has foregone to any great degree her cultivation of the Rose. At this very moment, while I am penning these few pages, Ellen herself sits near me, revolving in her mind the phrases which she shall employ in announcing to our English friends our return to English shores, and I am sure that her choicest drops of epistolary dew will fall upon the petals of the Rose. I hope our friends will be as kind as she expects.

For we, too, dear reader, have elected to join the younger band of pilgrims; we, too, have determined to traverse the vasty deep in pursuit of a higher and brighter ideal; we, too, shall strive to merit the tolerance of the great and the deference of the less. I shall not say, however, that we are prompted to this course through any triumph achieved in their new field by our immediate predecessors; for they have not triumphed; they have established themselves creditably, and that is all. Though they were of the first magnitude at home, they are but undistinguished stars of moderate luster in the great constellation abroad. The British empire has encompassed them in its vast maw like so many unconsidered trifles, and seems to hold that wide orifice distended, as if to say: "Send on as many more as you please." This attitude of the British beast awes yet fascinates us. I am like a

tomtit before an anaconda, or a novice climbing the terraces of Monte Carlo, or a provincial magnate just stepping into Wall street. We feel the full magnitude of the monster for the first time, but we hope to make a bigger mouthful than some others have done; to confess the precise truth, we scent a foeman worthy of our steel. No too facile triumph for my Ellen. I have every confidence in her; I am certain of her coming out on top. So we return, now, to grapple with the dragon in good earnest. St. George be with us.

Our own George, however, remains behind, disdainful and distrustful of the project. He has an American education, he declares, and means to have an American career. Very well; he is of age, and must do as he sees fit. But Emmy accompanies us, and we feel that for an American girl of good position, and breeding, and education, any career is possible. And little Tommy accompanies us, too. He is destined for Eton, and will face the future light-heartedly enough in a high hat and a wide collar. On the Pananglia to-day it is *we* who occupy a suite de luxe; we are a little choice of ourselves, and have people to peep into *our* port-holes, just as we ourselves once—but never mind.

Am I a snob? Nay, nay, dear reader, be not too ready with your reply. It is I who have asked the question, so allow me to be the one to answer it; I much prefer it that way. Why, in the first place, then, do I put myself this question? Because, whatever my faults, I hope I am too much of a man to draw attention to the mote that is in my wife's eye while remaining regardless of any possible beam in my own. Am I, then, a snob? I am afraid so. No great one, I trust; no incorrigible one, I am sure. Perhaps I have only the making of one—only the bare beginning of one. But it is there; I feel it, and I confess it. I deplore it; I almost blush for it; sometimes I struggle, however feebly, against it.

But I am an Anglo-Saxon, like unto you, pitying reader; and have enjoyed the atmosphere of social advantage, and privilege, and leisure—as you, also, may have done, or may not have done. If not, that is the only difference between us—the only reason why you are not a snob, too.

You are an Anglo-Saxon, as well as I, and snobbery is in your blood as well as in mine. No civilization has yet reached that high stage in which all the virtues and graces are combined. If you have political inequality, as in Italy or Spain, then some measure of equality in everyday social intercourse is apt to be evolved, you meet as man to man, and the snob suffocates before he is born. If, on the other hand, you have political equality, as in America or England, then social inequality is like enough to follow, the natural kindliness of human intercourse is chilled, and the snob luxuriates. I didn't understand old Brown to say (you have, of course, detected this high philosophy as his, rather than mine,) that this sort of thing came about as a direct result, and in obedience to some ascertained law. No; he was no bolder than to hint at some obscure, inexplicable principle of balance, of compensation which prevented all the good things of life from gravitating together toward some one angle in the terrestrial framework. In the early winter of our political and social history (he further explained) the frozen soil of hard material conditions gave no hold for this particular plant, and the shrewd blasts of a keen democracy would have nipped any daring shoot that might have appeared. But the gentler days of springtime have now supervened; the warm sun of prosperity shines upon us, the grateful breezes of amenity now fan the land, and the sprouting plant of snobbism waxes high, cumbers the soil where the early Pilgrim foot was planted, and is even wafting its insidious thistle-down (if the old fellow is to be believed) toward the hitherto unsophisticated prairies of the middle West. About this last, I am not so sure, having never been beyond the Alleghanies; but it seems probable enough. If it hasn't reached them already, it is upon the way, all the same; if it doesn't overtake them to-day, it will do so to-morrow. We shall all be snobs, sooner or later, dear reader; and I regard myself as less an offender than a victim. And these remarks of mine—and Brown's—you are to take not as an apology but simply as an explanation.

But even here the idea of compensation comes in: we are evolving a much needed standard of manners and usages, and we

are establishing an *entente cordiale* between the two great divisions of our race. And as regards the construction of the great bridge which is to join the shores of the new world to those of the old, Ellen and I prefer to do our share at the beginning rather than at the end. We would rather string the earlier cables than be merely members of the throng of later foot-passengers that will tramp over the completed structure. We may look for your praise, not your blame, it seems to me, in view of such an ambition.

Old Brown is doing what he can to help us on. I refer once more to his letter which was thrust into my hands at Queenstown, an hour or two ago. His researches on our behalf in Hampshire have been crowned with complete success—he has found us an ancestor and a pedigree. I expected no less, indeed, after his brilliant genealogical triumph in the cause of the Pilgrim Sons. For he has at length joined the Rose to the parent stem, and has impressed upon the whole clan the stamp of the highest distinction. It shows upon their silver, their linen, their note-paper, their park gates, their carriage panels; perhaps, in a frenzy of inexorable consistency, he has even branded it upon their butler and footmen. After such an achievement, what was it to discover connections for us among the county families of Hampshire? My wife's grandmother was right—her second cousin was indeed a lord; and if I could find words to express my sense of the tact, the discretion, the suavity with which Ellen will make her approaches to these people, I should set them down here, you may be sure. But I will simply state that she has declared her intention to resume her intimacy with the Mayflowers. That's what she calls it—an "intimacy." But I will not recast her phraseology. We say, "To-morrow is Friday," and, "Next month is March;" and the same implied forecast of certainty I shall permit to the tongue of my clever wife. I look upon that "intimacy" as one of the certitudes of the immediate future.

Yes, old Brown's letter is distinctly elate; he feels his own triumph. Yet one passage in it has a cynical and subacid quality which would annoy me, if I did not regard the whole thing as a mere rhetorical exercise; for Brown's infirmity

is growing upon him with the years, and sometimes he is florid and artificial beyond all bounds of taste or reason. His present page makes, indeed, no direct reference to the Pilgrim Sons, but what he does say gives me for the first time occasion to doubt that there may be any solid satisfaction in the fabric of their success.

"And now," he writes, in his last paragraph, "welcome to the sawdust palace; its portal stands open for you. It is magnificent enough without, and if it is all hollowness within, may you not discover that too soon. But I warn you that it is founded on a sapless selfishness, and that its crumbling walls are always calling for repair, and that the latest comers must contribute the greatest share of the labor. All your spare hours you dance away on sawdust, until your poor knees sink beneath you as the result of your arduous and aimless scuffings. You feed on sawdust, and the more you are stuffed with it the hollower and hungrier you become. You think in sawdust, and your poor brain becomes dry and disintegrate, and finally blows away. You dream of sawdust, and wake from the frantic rivalries of the scrambling throng to the real business of the day, which is to furnish sawdust, and more sawdust. You must contribute it incessantly, strictly of the grade and quality that the supervisors require, and the more you give the more you may. And in the end you sigh for the whole-

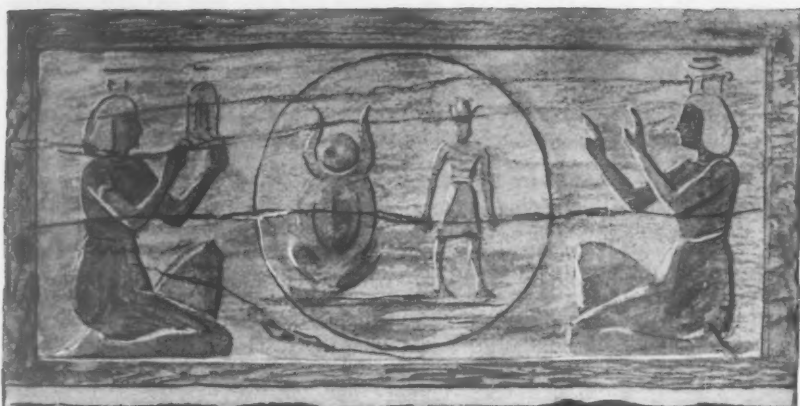
some forest where grew all the great trunks that have been betrayed and dismembered merely to provide material for so much empty and crumbling folly."

This is old Brown at his best—or worst. I repeat these observations to Ellen, and she says, "Fudge!" She even seizes the letter, tears it up, and flings the fragments through the port-hole. This is not altogether civil to Brown, who has really done us a substantial favor; but it is just the act to restore my confidence and courage, and I—I need something of the kind. Certainly the recollection of the country store at Schenectady (which is no longer so freely mentioned) has no sustaining quality in it.

But more than once to-day, in the intervals of laborious composition, I have found myself with my eyes fixed on the distant Welsh coast, repeating half audibly such phrases from Brown's letter as I am able to recall. Did he intend it for a caution, a gibe, a warning, a taunt? Ah, well; the steamer-chairs are being collected in heaps, the stewards are hourly becoming more oppressively attentive, the invalids are crawling up to air and sunlight, the gulls are circling round our stern, the deck-hands are busy with bunting and with the brass-work of the gun-wales, I myself am just preparing to dress for my reception into the vast community of native Englishry; and before many hours are past, we shall begin to know.



Drawn by S. W. Van Schack.



Drawn by H. Denman.

THE EGYPTIAN THIEF.

A TALE EXPANDED FROM THE BRIEF GREEK TEXT OF HERODOTUS.—
Vide EUTERPE II. Chap. 121.

BY SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, M.A., K.C.I.E., C.S.I.

"TAKE chisel and mallet, my son, and cut for me, in the spot I mark upon this porphyry-block, a socket three fingers' breadth across."

"Wilt thou, O, my father! thus mar the master-stone of thy building for the treasure-place of Pharaoh? How should a socket be needed on the underface of this block?"

"Cut even as I bid thee!" gravely replied the elder of the two, the royal architect Sanehat; and bending down to the lower side of the tilted stone he drew carefully with red pigment the outline of the orifice which he desired to have pierced upon the huge mass of the dressed and polished purple rock.

* * *

Those who held this conversation—Sanehat, the royal builder, and Setnau, his eldest son—lived many thousand years ago. It was in the time of the very

ancient King of Egypt, Rhampsinitus, who ruled in Memphis. The scene was the courtyard of the palace at the outskirts of the great city, where the massive walls and gateways of the royal house came down to the banks of a canal leading to the Nile. Along the edge of the canal lay barges and river-boats loaded with ponderous blocks of hewn and unhewn stone, brought laboriously from the quarries of Hammamat, beyond the river; and all the courtyard, usually so quiet and well-swept, was now cumbered with similar dressed and undressed masses of porphyry, syenite, granite, and the softer limestone, beyond which soared, amid scaffolding of palm-sticks, the nearly finished façade of the king's new treasure-chamber. The day was sultry with the fierce heat of early summer in the delta, when the last hot breath of the khamsin withers the fresh fig-leaves, and Ra, the Orb of Life, gleaming in full majesty from his burning path across the pale sky, makes all the land look gold in the light and ebony in the shadows.

Only native-born children of the Nile valley could have toiled bare-headed

under such midday heat ; but, temperate as antelopes in their diet, the Egyptian women and children went and came with water, slime, and wood on their heads for the artificers, heedless of the glare, beneath which a crowd of brown-skinned masons, stone-workers, sculptors, painters, and common laboring-men, stripped stark naked, worked in various ways, at the direction of Sanehat's sons and foremen, to hasten the completion of the mastaba of King Rhampsinitus. From the canal-banks, and from the neighboring Nile the creaking noises came of water-wheels perpetually lifting the precious water upon the thirsty gardens and fields. The chatter and babble of a bazaar close at hand mingled with fainter cries from the city, and with the far off beating of temple-drums and cymbals. Suddenly, a large drum in the courtyard gave the signal for the midday meal of the royal workmen, and, as they broke off to their rude repast of onions and millet-cake, the royal architect took his staff and slowly paced, respectfully followed by his son, to his own abode within a garden of palms and sycamore trees, at the angle where the canal emerged from the Nile ; for "Sanehat" means the "son of the sycamores."

What caused him to wear so wistful a countenance ? The reason was that early in the day the master-builder of Memphis had been summoned to the presence of the mighty Pharaoh in the inner hall of the palace. The king had borne himself toward his accomplished servant as "a friend of great sweetness." Sanehat had saluted the throne with the palms of his hands and his forehead on the ground. Lying low and long on his breast before the royal chair of ivory and pale gold, he did not raise his eyes, until the chief officers lifted him up with gentle arms, and the girls of the court began to beat their sistra and sang the song of the "King's Friend," softly chanting :

"May thy works prosper, Lord of all Lands !
May Ptah give good breath to thy nostrils ;
May Nub, the goddess, ornament thy years with glory !
The Uraeus shines on thy brow like the star Sothis ;
Grant fair words unto Sanehat thy servant.
Who buildeth the abodes for the gods,
Houses for thy women, and chambers for thy treasure."

And, hereupon, Rhampsinitus the king had bade them raise him to his feet, and put a collar of gold upon his neck, and pour fragrant oil upon his head, saying, "Let him be free of terror. He is a royal friend among my chosen ! Bring for him delicate meats, and drinks of coolness, and place for him a seat of inlaid wood that he may sit, and that I may speak with him of my building."

Afterwards the king had held much and earnest speech with Sanehat, questioning about mighty temples which were in his mind, and structures of splendor to be devised and erected ; and Sanehat had laid before the eyes of Rhampsinitus the plan for the first pyramid, which was afterwards to be erected by Cheops. There should be raised from the sandy table-land of the desert, said he, a tomb-place for the king called Kha—the "rising"—a place where the dead Pharaoh should be safe forever, until his soul had need again of the body. The pyramid completed should have a height of four hundred and seventy-six feet on a base seven hundred and sixty-four feet square, and should contain in itself the deepest secrets of mathematics and astronomy. The king's sarcophagus should be hidden in the heart of this stone mountain made by man's hand, with cunning devices to hide it from after-times. Under the limestone casing a movable block, working on a stone pivot, should close the passage to the death-chamber, so that no intruder could find the way to violate it. Sanehat showed the king with what machines the vast blocks might be lifted to their position, and the great hill of stone built perfectly from top to bottom. Also, what it would cost in turnips, onions, and garlic for the laborers employed. But these things were thereafter to be achieved, and the king, albeit, rejoicing at such vast plans, had ever come back from musing over the magnificent ideas of his master-builder to the matter of the treasure-chamber attached to his palace, now nearing completion. Herein he intended to store the accumulated wealth to be devoted to those stupendous future labors. The gold, and the amber, and the ivory, the agates, and carved onyx, and bronzes, the priceless gums and perfumes, the gilded lapis lazuli, and the lovely blue and green turquoises from the mines of Hammâmat, all were to be deposited in

that strong receptacle which Sanehat was constructing in the palace court. And one would think, as Pharaoh loaded his servant with praise for his large conceptions, and promised to make him like to a king's son for worthiness and wealth, that he would surely be in the favor of the palace till his death, and that the heart of Sanehat would have rejoiced. But at the last, the chief interpreter whispered somewhat to the king, and the king spake a certain somber word which had sent Sanehat, very sad of countenance, forth from the palace, and had caused him to bid his son cut that same socket in the block of porphyry.

For the word was this: Rhampsinitus, hearing the whisper of the chief interpreter, gnawed his fingers for a time until he broke his sard signet-ring, and then said gloomily, "Hath thou spoken to no man, O master-builder, of the secret entering and quitting of this my new treasure-chamber?" And the architect answered, "By the life of my Lord, and by my soul, I have spoken to none." Then Rhampsinitus said, "Thou and I alone, therefore, know of the making of this house and of the keys of its doorway." And the architect had answered, "By Ra, living forever, only thou and I!"

Yet, when he had so answered, his heart became as water within him, for he discerned suddenly the bitter purpose of the king, and that he himself should be in some way or other slain, in order that only Pharaoh might be aware of the making of the treasure-chamber. And therefore was it that he had gone sorrowful back to the working-place, and therefore had he commanded the socket to be cut in that block of porphyry.

The day arrived when the treasure-chamber became finished; and all the wealth of Rhampsinitus, brought from many a storehouse, was laid out and heaped up in its recesses. Beside the massive gateways which led into it, and the strong walls of stone shutting it close, the place was guarded by every kind of magic. Statues animated by the 'Ka,' or double of the royal founder, protected its angles. An image of black and white granite at the entrance held in its huge hands a scepter and a hooded snake; and that same carved stone serpent, it was currently reported, would coil round the

neck of any robber approaching and sting him to swift death. Only the king and the chief interpreter possessed the curious keys which opened the vast bronze doors of the chamber, or knew how to use them.

When all the royal wealth had been deposited there, a great feast was held in the palace, whereat the guests of the king sat crowned with flowers, their heads scented with perfumed oil, the master-builder highest among them, throned amid princes, beside Pharaoh. At the close of the festival, Rhampsinitus poured a measure of wine into his own golden goblet and gave it to Sanehat, who, bound by loyalty, drank it to the bottom and took his leave, clad in new robes of favor and graced with titles of honor: while the people of the court made way before him, and the dancing-girls sang the praises of the "friend of Pharaoh."

Alas! that same night at the hour when the first cock crows, mortal pains attacked the frame of the architect. The sweat of death stood cold upon him. His body shook alternately with rigors, and then became as if plunged in the fires of Amenti; so that, perceiving his end to be near, he spake to Rud-Didet his chief wife, saying: "The heart of Pharaoh is harder than the red granite of the desert quarry. The breath of his kindness is deadlier than the kiss of the hungry asp. This night he has put into his wine of friendship a poison which no medicine can assuage. Call hither my two sons, and come thou nigh to me with them, for I shall die to-night, and I have that to say which only thou and these must hear."

Setnau and his younger brother Hemti dutifully attended at the summons, and stood with their mother beside the bed of the dying architect while he thus addressed them in a voice growing more and more feeble: "My sons! and thou Rud-Didet, mother of my sons! Pharaoh has not willed that any should possess the secrets of his treasure-chamber except himself and our enemy—the chief interpreter. To-night he has taken my life with a subtle drug. This, in truth, I had foreseen, and have so devised that when I shall have descended to Amenti, the riches of the king will all be yours. Thou dost remember, Setnau, how I bade thee cut a socket in the block of purple por-

Drawn by H. Lenman.

THE SONG OF THE "KING'S FRIEND."



phyry. Count eleven cubits from the hand of the statue at the corner and ye shall see a granite slab, rose-colored, fronting the canal, which moves if ye press its upper third portion. Being disengaged, the porphyry-block beside it swings round upon its socket, and ye may enter the chamber from the outside at will. When I am dead, the king's chief interpreter will speak fair words, but trust them not. When fitting time arrives, go freely into the king's treasure-house and make yourselves rich with the royal wealth, for the sake of which he hath betrayed me to death."

At this Sanehat, the master-builder, died, and was embalmed after the Egyptian manner: his soul going forth to seek "the field of reeds," while in the coffin of his mummy were placed chapters of "the Book of the Dead," to guide him to where Hathor, the goddess, gives that bread and water of death, which, once partaken of, qualify the departed to enter the ferry-boat that doth bear spirits to the other world. The dead man had then to answer the "questions of that boat:" "Tell me my name," said the mast, and he must

reply, "The guide of the great goddess is thy name." Then the sailyard asked: "What is my name?" and the dead must reply, "The backbone of the heavenly jackal, *Ūapūaitū*, is thy name." And the masthead enquired, "What is my name?" the right answer being, "The neck of Amsit, child of Horus." And the sail, also, demanding its hidden title, must be responded to: "Nut is thy name, the starry one!" Knowing all these things, Sanehat went safe to the shore of spirits.

But when he was gone the household became neglected by Pharoah, and poverty pressed upon the Lady Rud-Didet and Setnau and Hemti the brothers. Moreover, the king's interpreter, by and by pretending royal anger against the deceased artificer, and that he had laid unlawful hands upon some of the money and provisions for the workmen (which was a false accusation), sent officers to exact restitution, and took away all that could be found which was valuable in the abode of Sanehat. There came, at last, a time in that sorrowful abode when not more than a jar of oil and a measure of



Drawn by H. Denman.

SETNAU TAKING HIS BROTHER'S BODY.

millet were remaining for the family; but the young men had been brought up in the fear of the Lords of Justice and Truth, and day by day they sought the favors of Thoth who gives wealth, and of Nâpri who grants food, working industriously in the yards of the stone-masons of the city. Soon, however, their mother fell sick for lack of good nourishment, and remembering in her heart how cruelly Sanehat had died, and what he had said in dying, she called her sons to her side and gave them command, in these words:

"This will be no sin if we shall hurt those who have injured us. Ye well know where there is abundance of wealth and worldly store. What spake he who was beyond all the builders of Egypt for knowledge and faithfulness, and who perished of the shameful wine-cup of Pharaoh, in his show of friendliness? Count eleven cubits along the wall from the hand of the statue at the corner, and ye shall perceive a granite slab, rose-grained, fronting the canal, which will yield if ye press its upper third portion; and then the dark-colored block swings back upon its socket, and ye may enter the chamber from without, and help yourselves at will from his goods who hath rewarded good service with a deadly drink. Thus did your father speak. Go now, therefore, by night, and bring for me and for yourselves that which shall fill up our jars and sacks again from the king's treasury."

Accordingly, the two young men went forth by night, bearing with them a lamp of clay and a fire-stick to kindle its wick; and, knowing well the place, they measured the eleven cubits from the hand of the statue, found the granite slab, and, pressing upon its upper portion, set free the great block of porphyry, which, easily revolving upon the socket, opened a passage into the king's treasure-house. First, Setnau crept through, while Hemti kept watch outside; but when the lamp was enkindled, then, lest the guard should spy the shining of its light, Hemti followed his brother; and together they drew the great stone close again, and looked around them. At first, little could be discerned of the vast enclosure, but there were bronze lamps filled with perfumed oil swinging from the roof, or placed on pedestals of alabaster; and,

these being ready for use, they lighted them all, until the place became bright as day, and every corner of it visible. Then they saw two rows of massive stone columns supporting the vast slabs of the roof, colored with all sorts of gay painting and having carved capitals richly wrought and painted; and all round the walls were alabaster panels sculptured with pictures of the products of the king's countries, and of the people bringing them in boats and on asses, and oxen, all limned and tinted to the life. And around these columns and along the walls of the chamber were ranged all kinds of wealth and wonderful possessions that a lord of Egypt would store up. There were the black and blue wigs of the king with fair diadems of gold and silk, and stringed gems belonging to each of them; pots of costly perfume for the anointing of his head and body,—most of all those gums of the land of Punt, which burn with the smell of heaven,—bottles of agate and chalcedony holding the black powder for the eyelids of his ladies, and of red powders for their cheeks and lips; piles of rich garments in cotton, and wool, and silk, delicately woven and brodered, and made precious with threads of gold and silver, and with work of pierced pearls and turquoises. In one corner lay heaped up, like round, yellow flowers from the Sont-tree, little balls of pure gold, got from the dust of Ophir; and in another bricks of silver and of copper; while elsewhere were beads of many colors and shapes on thread, and curious enameled ornaments of burnt earth, and rock, and wood, and glass, and bronze, with tabnu, small rings holding a sacred beetle, or a sardonyx, or a charmed crystal. Lapis lazuli, in blocks and rough lumps lay on one hand, and on the other, little chests of cedar, or boxes of alabaster, and bags of leather stiffened with bitumen, holding all sorts of jewels,—rubies, sapphires, carnelians, jaspers, turquoises, agates, jacinths, emeralds, and topazes. There were long strings of polished amber, and plates of green copper-stone, with gods and goddesses cut out in yellow, and red, and green marbles, and ushabti for the king's death—little figures of attendants to wait on him in the nether world, having heads of gold and feet of coral or amber. Also, there were pearls

from the sea of Suph,—pearls of all shapes and sizes, in white piles, like the husked rice, some beaded into necklets and arm-lets, together with billets of ebony wood and of sandalwood, sacks of gum arabic, bundles of ostrich feathers, skins of lions, leopards, and other animals, not to speak of elephants' tusks, beautiful weapons of bronze, and iron, and wood, inlaid and jeweled, and rows upon rows of painted jars, full of the choicest wines of Egypt.

The two young Egyptians, having feasted their eyes upon all these treasures of the king, and marked what should bring most profit from the merchants outside, filled the receptacles which they had brought, and departed, carefully replacing the great stone behind them. Moreover, Setnau took with him an alabaster flask of the costly perfume used by the daughter of the king, marked in gold script with her name, and further, hid in his girdle a necklet of great pearls for his wife to wear privately; and they took also an earthen jar of the king's wine, made of strange vines from the land of the black men. Afterwards, once and again they did reënter the treasury, when the first spoil was expended, and great cheer made they in their house.

But, on a time, the king coming into his secret place of wealth to overlook his havings, perceived that in this and that spot and the other much was lacking: here jars of wine, there alabaster flasks and essences; and, beyond, ingots of gold and silver, and precious amulets of carved stone, and some among the costliest gems and jewels. Yet there was no sign of entrance at the heavy gate, nor mark of violence to wall, or roof, or lintel, or window. Astonished and incensed, he took long counsel with the chief interpreter, and by advice of that evil man, he caused traps of iron, which would grip and break the haunch of a lion or river-horse, to be cunningly set in the shadow of the columns.

Thus was it, that one moonless night, when the two brothers came again, and Hemti had entered; he, groping about in the darkness, stumbled into one of these terrible engines, which closing upon his midleg, held him fast. Nevertheless, he forbade his brother to approach until he had kindled the lamp. Setnau then coming to him, could in no way loosen the

jaws of the trap, nor deliver Hemti. Thereupon, the fearless young man said: "It may not be that I can escape, and the face of me will be known, and death will fall with shame and torment upon my mother and thee. Cut off my head, accordingly, and carry it away with thee, that Rhampsinitus may be shent. But fill thy bag, also, with gold and jewels, for this is the last of our nights of fortune. Thus urged, Setnau cut off the head of his brother Hemti, and placed it in his leathern sack, together with much wealth and many precious things, and so went home again to inform Rud-Didet.

Next morning, when the king returned to the treasure-house to see what had occurred, he was beyond measure amazed at finding the dead body of the robber without a head and stripped of clothing, fixed in the teeth of the trap, and yet no sign around, above or below, to manifest how the chamber had been plundered. Long and anxious were the counsels of the palace. At last it was resolved to hang the carcass of the thief upon a cross of wood on the city wall, setting a constant guard of soldiers beside it, who should observe every one passing by, and should straightway arrest and bring to the palace him or her whosoever, at sight of the body, displayed any marks of sorrow or compassion. For it went very ill with the ancient Egyptians if the body of a dead person should moulder in the air or earth, or be devoured of worms, or birds, or beasts, or fishes; since in this way, and failing embalmment, the Ka, or double of the man or woman, would possess at last no link by which to return to life, but must wander between the two worlds, the soul fading away as the body crumbled. All this was heavy upon the heart of his mother, the Lady Rud-Didet, when she heard about the dead man on the wall; so that she spoke bitter things to Setnau and bade him, by whatsoever means, deliver to her the corpse of her younger son, so that it might have the work of the embalmer done upon him, and repose in peace in a goodly mummy-chest. Furthermore, when Setnau said this could not be, since no wit of man could outdo the anger and vigilance of the king, Rud-Didet replied, that if the body were not brought home before sunrise, she would go, in her despair, to Pharoah, and inform him

how the treasures had been stolen, and where they might be discovered.

Hearing this, the elder son, beside himself with fear, conceived a subtle plan. Taking a string of asses, just before sundown, he loaded them with skins of sweet, heady wine, and disguising himself as an ass-driver, directed the beasts along the wall, to the place where the soldiers guarded the corpse. Arriving there, he managed, unnoticed, to cast loose the cords from the necks of two of the skins, so

to make merry. Soon, as the cups went round, the soldiers and the pretended ass-driver became boon companions, and Setnau plied them ever and ever with more liquor, until such time as the whole band grew utterly fuddled, and, overpowered by the strong drink, lay fast asleep in the midst of their spears and swords, the city also being quite still, because of midnight.

Then Setnau arose, having all this while drank little, and taking down the body of his brother from the cross, he laid it on



Drawn by H. Denman.

SETNAU ESCAPING FROM THE PRINCESS.

that the wine began to spurt forth, running into the road. At this he wailed aloud, beat his head with his fists, and manifested such loud tokens of distress that the soldiers heard him, and noticing the waste of the wine, instead of helping the man, got vessels and filled and quaffed them, while the pretended ass-driver cried on all the gods to curse them. But the sentinels, having drunk freely of the liquor, and become more amused than angered at the man, spoke soothing words to him, until at the last the ass-driver affected to be propitiated, and exchanged friendly speech with them, finally even offering one more of his skins wherewith

the stoutest of his asses, threw over it a mantle from one of the soldiers, and so carried the corpse home to his mother, the Lady Rud-Didet.

But Rhampsinitus the king having learned how that the carcass of the robber had been craftily borne away, grew wroth beyond any patience. And first he put to cruel death the soldiers and their captain, thrusting some through and through with pointed stakes, and flaying alive the others. Afterwards he devised a strange plan whereby to catch the daring man.

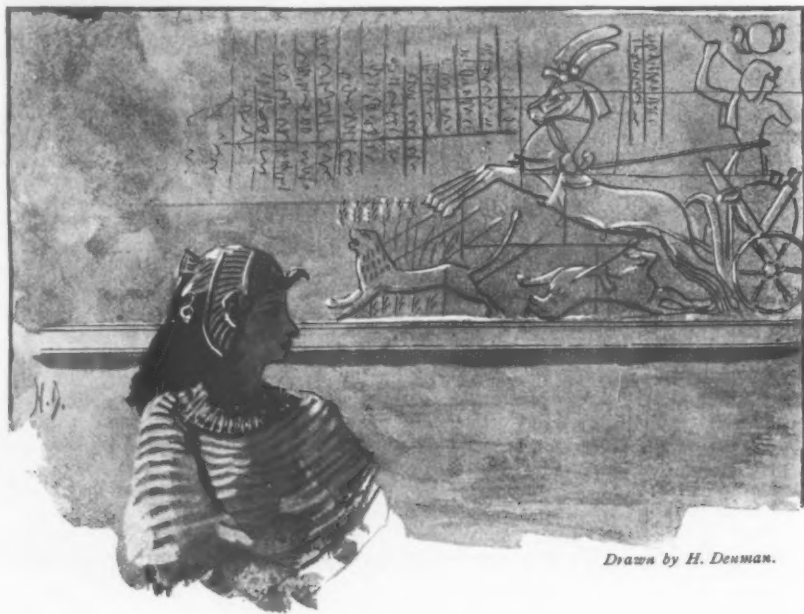
Now Rhampsinitus the king had for his eldest daughter, a princess the most

beautiful of all Egypt. This princess, the high and sacred Lady Amitsi, was at that time promised to a mighty and opulent prince of the royal blood; but, by reason of bitter anger and burning rage to discover this offender, Rhampsinitus commanded his daughter as follows: he bade her put on her most costly robes, painting her face, and braiding her hair, and suspending outside her house a picture of herself, cunningly limned, so that men passing by must admire and desire her. And under the picture was written that the favor of Nub-Khesdeb was only for him who had wrought in his lifetime the most subtle and most wicked deed ever wrought—and for no man else. Many gallants accordingly repaired thither, but it availed not, because their stories did not satisfy; until Setnau hearing of the device, and well comprehending it, resolved to outwit the king.

To this end he took with him, under his mantle, the newly severed arm of a dead man, and went to the house of her who was called Nub-Khesdeb, and had admittance. For, first of all, the princess perceived upon his garments the smell of that fragrance stolen from the treasure-chamber, the like of which was not in all Egypt, except in the tiring rooms of the

queens and the princesses. And next the man spake, saying, "Kiss me, and I will afterwards relate to thee the wickedest deed ever done, to wit: when I cut off my brother's head within the king's treasury; and also the most subtle thing, to wit: when I caused the soldiers on the wall to become drunk with wine, and took away my brother's body for burial." Thereupon the princess, in the dark, well-assured that this was the one she sought, made quickly to lay fast hold of him, and to call succor; but he, passing the dead man's arm between her hands, with this deceived her, and so made good his flight.

When this last doing was reported to Rhampsinitus, he was astonished at the shrewdness and boldness of the thief. He therefore swore an oath by the life of Osiris, that there should be a free pardon for him and his, and great rewards, and that the Princess Amitsi herself should be given to him in marriage, if he would reveal himself, and be true man of the state, and faithful. Which oath, when he heard, Setnau resolved to cast himself upon the clemency of Pharaoh, and went to the palace, and told all which he had wrought; whereon the king forgave the thief, as the most knowing of such living men, and wiser than all other Egyptians.



Drawn by H. Denman.

THE STAMPEDE ON THE TURKEY TRACK RANGE.

A TALE OF COWBOY LIFE OF TO-DAY.

BY WILL C. BARNES.



Drawn by Hy Sandham.

DARK. Well, it was dark, and no mistake. We had been holding a big herd of steers for a week. It was on the Turkey Track ranche, and they were mostly Turkey Track steers; that is, they were branded with the Santa Maria Cattle company's brand, which is an arrow on each side, called Turkey Track by the cowboys, who never think of using any other means of identifying a cow than by giving the name of the brand she carries.

And en passant when a cowboy says "Cow," he uses the word as a generic term for everything from a sucking calf up to a ten-year-old bull.

We were in camp in a noble valley some fifteen miles long by ten wide, dotted here and there by cedar groves, and at that season covered with splendid grass. We were holding a bunch of steers that the company was getting ready to ship, and it was a lazy enough life except the night-work. There was plenty of grass to graze them on in daytime, and a big "dry lake" full of water, where three

thousand head could drink at once and never one bog or give any trouble. Two men on "day herd" at a time could handle them easily enough, and as there were nine of us, or enough for three guards of three men each, we didn't have anything much to complain of.

"Old Dad," the cook, built pies and puddings that were never excelled anywhere, and occasionally he'd have a plum duff for supper that simply exhausted the culinary art.

The steers were, as the boys say, "a rollicky lot of oxen." Most every night they would take a little run, and it usually took all hands an hour or so to get them back to the bed ground and quieted down, which didn't tend to make us any better natured when the cook yelled: "Roll out! Roll out!" about 4:30 every morning.

The weather had been lovely ever since we started in, but this evening it had clouded up, and in the west, toward sunset, great "thunder-heads" had piled up and little detached patches had gone scudding across the sky, altho' below on the prairie not a breath of air was stirring. The muttering roll of Heaven's artillery was sounding, and occasionally up toward the mountains a flame of lightning would shoot through the rapidly darkening sky.

By eight o'clock, when the first guard rode out to take the herd for their three hours' watch, it was almost black dark. The foreman, or "wagon boss," of the outfit, came out with them and asked us how the cattle acted, and told the boys to be very careful, and if the herd drifted before the rain, to try and keep them pointed from the cedars, if possible, for fear of losing some of them.

As we rode back to camp we both agreed that the very first clap of thunder near at hand would send the whole herd flying, and that if it rained, it would be very hard to hold them. He told all hands not to picket their night horses, but to tie them up to the wagon (much to the cook's disgust), all ready for instant use.

Perhaps I should explain a little about this business, so that my readers may understand what a "bed ground" is and how the cowboy stands guard.

At sunset the day herders work the herd up toward camp slowly, and as the leaders feed along to about three or four hundred yards from camp, one of the boys rides out in front and stops them until the whole herd gradually draws together into a compact body. If they have been well grazed and watered that day they will soon begin to lie down, and in an hour probably nine-tenths of them will be quietly lying and chewing their cuds. All this time the boys are slowly riding around them, each man riding alone, and in opposite directions, so they meet twice in each circuit. If any adventurous steer should attempt to graze off, he is sure to be seen, quickly headed, and sent back into the herd.

The place where the cattle are held at night is called the "bed ground," and it is the duty of the "day herders," who have cared for them all day, to have them on to the bed ground and bedded down before dark, when the first guard comes out and takes them off their hands.

Well, as I said at the beginning, it *was* dark, and although it was not raining when they left camp, the boys had put on their slickers, or oilskin coats, well knowing that they'd have no time to do it when the rain began to fall.

The three men on first guard were typical Texas boys, almost raised in the saddle, insensible to hardship and exposure, and the hardest and most reckless riders in the outfit. One of them, named Tom Flowers, was a great singer, and usually sang the whole time he was on guard. It's always a good thing, especially on a dark night, for some how it seems to reassure and quiet cattle to hear the human voice at night, and it's well, too, that they are not critical, for some of the musical efforts are extremely crude. The most of the boys confine themselves

to hymns, picked up, probably, when they were children.

A great favorite with the Texas boys is a song beginning "Sam Bass was born in Indianer," which consists of about forty verses, devoted to the deeds of daring of a noted desperado named Sam Bass, who, at the head of a gang of cut-throats, terrorized the Panhandle and Staked Plains country, in Western Texas, some years ago.

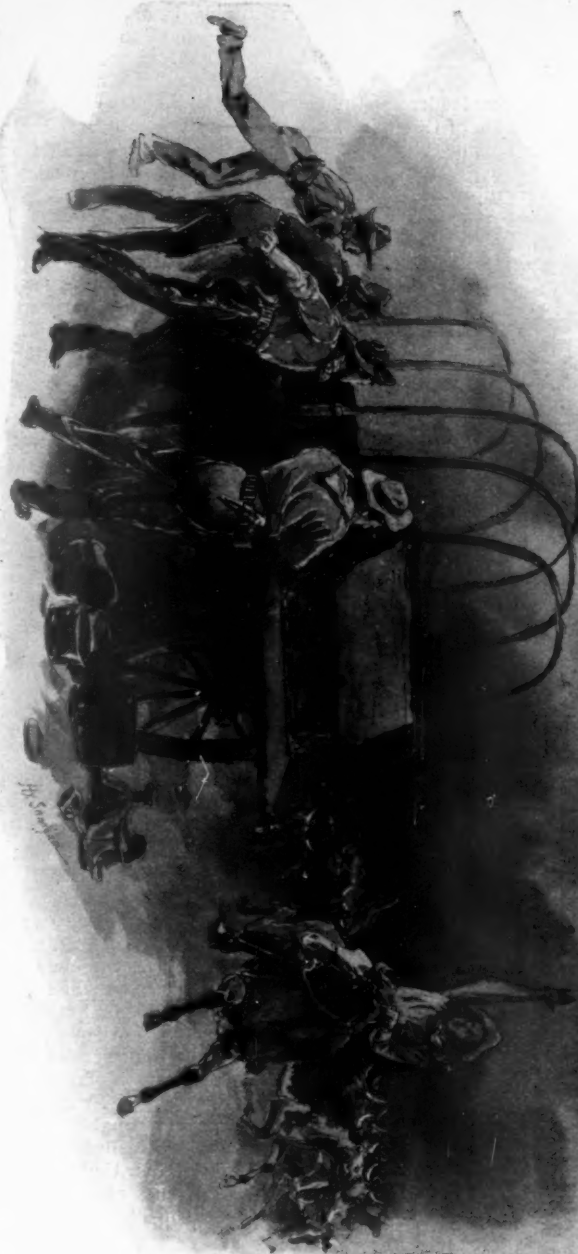
We used to have a boy in our outfit, a great rough fellow from Montana, who knew only one song, and that was the hymn, "I'm a Pilgrim, and I'm a Stranger." I have awakened many a night and heard him bawling it at the top of his voice, as he rode slowly around the herd. He knew three verses of it, and would sing them over and over again. It didn't take the boys long to nick-name him "The Pilgrim," and by that name he went for several years. He was killed in a row in town one night, and I'm not sure then that any one knew his right name, for he was carried on the books of the cow-outfit he was working for as "The Pilgrim." I know a pretty good yarn about The Pilgrim and a bunch of Keowa Indians that will make a good story to tell some day. But I've got away off the trail.

I lost no time in rolling out my bed and turning in, only removing my boots, heavy leather chaps (chaparjoes), and hat, and two minutes after I was sound asleep. How long I slept I can't say, but I was awakened by a row among the night-horses tied to the wagon.

The storm had for the present cleared away just overhead, the full moon was shining down as it seems to only in these high altitudes in Arizona, not a breath of air was stirring, and I could hear the measured "chug, chug, chug," of the ponies' feet as the men on guard slowly jogged around the cattle. I was lazily wondering what guard it was, and how long I had slept, when suddenly the clear, full voice of Tom Flowers broke the quiet with one of his cowboy songs. It was set to the air of "My Bonnie Lives Over the Ocean," and as I lay there half awake and half asleep it seemed to me, with all its surroundings, that it was as charming and musical as the greatest effort of any operatic tenor.

Drawn by Hy Sandham.

"HIDING WELL TO THE FRONT WAS TOM TRYING TO TURN THE LEADERS."



"Last night as I lay on the prairie,
And looked at the stars in the sky,
I wondered if ever a cowboy
Would drift to that sweet by and by."

The voice would swell and grow louder as he rode round to the camp side of the cattle, and as he reached the far side the words "sweet by and by" came to me faintly and softly, as if the very night was listening to his song.

"The trail to that bright, mystic region,
Is narrow and dim, so they say,
But the one that leads down to perdition
Is staked and is blazed all the way."

I had never heard Tom sing this song before, nor had I ever heard him sing so well, and I raised up on my elbow to catch every word.

"They say that there'll be a great round-up,
Where cowboys like dogies* will stand,
To be cut by those riders from Heaven,
Who are posted and know every brand."

Here, an enterprising steer made a sudden break for liberty, and the song was stopped, as Tom raced away over the prairie to bring him back, which being done in a couple of minutes, the song was again taken up.

"I wonder was there ever a cowboy
Prepared for that great judgment day,
Who could say to the boss of the riders,
I am ready to be driven away."

Another interruption which I judged from the sounds was caused by his pony having stumbled into a prairie-dog hole, and I think Tom was "waking him up," as we say, with his heavy quirt.†

That done, he picked up the thread of his song again.

"They say He will never forsake you,
That He notes every action and look,
But for safety you'd better get branded,
And have your name in His great 'tally-book.'

"For they tell of another great owner
Who is nigh overstocked, so they say,
But who always makes room for the sinner,
Who strays from that bright, narrow way."

As the closing words floated out on the cool night air, I turned sleepily in my bed and saw that a huge, black cloud had come up rapidly from the west and bid fair to soon shut out the moon. I snug-

gled down in my blankets, and was wondering if we would have to turn out to keep hold the steers if it rained, when the silence of the night was broken by a peal of thunder that seemed to fairly split the skies. It brought every man in camp to his feet, for high above the reverberation of the thunder was the roar and rattle of a stampede.

It is hard to find words to describe a stampede of a thousand head of long-horned, range steers. It is a scene never to be forgotten. They crowd together in their mad fright, hoofs crack and rattle, horns clash against each other, and a low moan goes through the herd as if they were suffering with pain. Nothing stands in their way: small trees and bushes are torn down as if by a tornado, and no fence was ever built that would turn them. Woe betide the luckless rider who, racing recklessly in front of them, waving his slicker, or big hat, or shooting in their faces, to turn them, has his pony stumble or step into a dog-hole and fall, for he is sure to be trampled to death by their cruel hoofs. And yet they will suddenly stop, throw up their heads, look at each other as if to say, "What on earth were *you* running for?" and in fifteen minutes every last one of them will be lying as quietly as any old, pet milk-cow in a country farm-yard.

They bore right down on the camp, and we all ran to the wagon for safety; but they swung off about a hundred feet from camp and raced by us like the wind, horns clashing, hoofs rattling, and the earth fairly shaking with the mighty tread.

Riding well to the front between us and the herd was Tom trying to turn the leaders. As he flew by he shouted in his daredevil way, "Here's trouble, cowboys!" and was lost in the dust and night. Of course, all this took but a moment. We quickly recovered ourselves, pulled on boots, flung ourselves into the saddle, and tore out into the dark with the wagon boss in the lead. I was neck-and-neck with him as we caught up with the end of the herd, and called to him: "Jack, they are headed for the 'cracks.' If we get into them, some of us will get hurt." Just then, "Bang! bang! bang!"

* A dogie is a name applied to yearlings that have lost their mothers when very young, and just managed to live through the winter.

† Quirt, a short, heavy, Mexican riding-whip used by cowboys.

went a revolver ahead of us, and we knew that Tom had realized where he was going, and was trying to turn the leaders by shooting in their faces.

These cracks are curious phenomena and very dangerous. The hard adobe soil has cracked in every direction. Some of them are ten feet wide and fifty deep, others half a mile long and only six inches or a foot wide. The grass hides them so a horse doesn't see them till he is fairly in to them, and every cowboy dreaded that part of the valley.

Jack and I soon came to what, in the dust and the darkness, we took to be the leaders, and, drawing our revolvers, we began to fire in front of them, and quickly turned them to the left, and by pressing from that side we crowded them round more and more until we soon had the whole herd running round and round in a circle, or "milling," as we call it, and in the course of fifteen or twenty minutes we got them quieted down enough to



Drawn by Hy Sandham.

be left again in charge of the regular guard.

Jack sent me around the herd to tell the second guard-men to take charge, as it was their time, and for the rest of us to go to camp, which was near-by, a mile distant, and visible only because "Dad," the cook, had got up and built up the fire, well knowing we wouldn't be able to find camp without it.

Before we got there the rain began, and we were all wet to the skin; but we tied up our ponies again, and five seconds after I laid down I was sound asleep and heard nothing till the cook started his unearthly yell of "Roll out! Roll out! Chuck away!" I threw back the heavy canvas that I had pulled over my head to keep the rain out of my face, and got up. The storm was over, and in the east the morning star was just beginning to fade, and the sky was taking that peculiar gray look that precedes the dawn and sunrise. The night-horse wrangler was working his horses up toward camp, and the three or four bells in the bunch jingled merrily and musically in the cool, fresh, morning air.

We were all sleepy and cold, and as we gathered around the fire to eat, some one said: "Where's Flowers?" The foreman glanced around the circle of men, set down his plate and cup, and strode over to where Tom had rolled out his bed the evening before. It was empty, and, what was more, hadn't been slept in at all. A hasty questioning developed the fact that none of us had noticed him after we came in from the stampede.

"Well," said Jack, "It's one of two things: either he has run into one of those blamed cracks and is hurt, or else he has got a bunch of steers that got cut off from the herd in the rain and has had to stay with 'em all night, because he got so far from camp he couldn't work 'em back alone." As this was a not unusual thing we all felt sure it was the case, and, after a hasty breakfast, all of us, but the men just off guard, struck out to look for him.

Some way I felt a premonition of trouble as I rode out into the prairie, and leaving the rest to scatter out in different directions I rode straight for the cracks. It was an easy matter to trail up the herd, and as I looked along I couldn't get the

song out of my head. As I drew near the crack country I saw by the trail that we had not been at the leaders when we thought we were, but had cut in between them and the main herd. I could see our tracks where we had swung them round, leaving probably one hundred head out.

I hurried along their trail, and as the daylight got stronger and the sun began to peep over the hills, I could make out about a couple of miles from me a bunch of cattle feeding. I knew this was the bunch I was trailing, and already some of the other boys had seen them also and were hurrying toward them. But between me and the cattle was, I knew, a dangerous crack. It was some six feet wide and ten deep, and probably half a mile long. If Tom had ridden into that he was either dead or badly hurt. As I neared the crack my heart sank, for I saw the trail would strike it fairly about the widest place, and my worst fears were realized when I reached it, for there lying under a dozen head of dead and dying steers was poor Tom. The trail told the whole story. He had almost turned them when they reached the crack, and he had ridden into it sideways or diagonally, and some twenty steers had followed, crushing him and his horse to death, and killing about a dozen of them. The balance were wandering around in the bottom of the crack trying to get out, but its sides were precipitous everywhere.

Drawing my six-shooter, I fired two shots, and rode my pony in circles from left to right, which, in cowboy and frontier sign language means, "Come to me." The boys quickly rode over to where I was, and we, with great work, managed to get his body out from under his horse and up on top. He still held his pearl-handled Colt's in his hand, every chamber empty, and his hat was hanging round his neck by the leather string. Tenderly we laid his body across a saddle and lashed it on with a rope, and, taking the boy thus dismounted up behind me, we led the horse with its sad burden back to camp.

I think death, when it strikes among them, always affects rough men more than it does men of finer sensibilities and breeding. They get over it more quickly, but for the time the former seem to be fairly overwhelmed with the mys-

tery of death, and seemed dazed and helpless, where the latter would not for a moment lose their heads.

But Jack quickly pulled himself together. It was fifty miles to the nearest town, with our heavy mess-wagon and slow team over a sandy road, it would take two days to get the body there. Packing it on a horse in that hot Arizona sun was out of the question, and so we decided to bury him right there.

Tom had no relatives in Arizona, nor any nearer friends than we rough "punchers," so that no wrong would be done any one by burying him there.

We laid his crushed form under a cedar-tree near-by, while Jack and I went out to find a place to dig a grave. About half a mile from camp was a big black rock that stood up on end in the prairie as if it had been dropped from the clouds. Some prehistoric race of people had carved deep into its smooth face dozens and scores of queer hieroglyphics which no man to-day can decipher or understand. Snakes, lizards, deer, and antelope, turtles, rude imitations of human figures, great suns with streaming rays, human hands and feet, and odd geometrical designs, all drawn in a rude, rough way as if this had been the gigantic slate of some Aztec school-boy which hundreds of years of storm and weather had not rubbed out. This rock was called "The Aztec Rock." It was a landmark for miles around, and, as Jack remarked: "It was a blamed sight better headstone than they'd give him if we put him in the little Campo Santo,* in the sand at the foot of the mesa, back of town."

So here we dug his grave, and then we

* Campo Santo, the Mexican term for graveyard.



Drawn by
Hy Sandham.

"HE HAD ALMOST TURNED THEM."

wrapped him in a gorgeous Navajo Indian blanket, and laid poor Tom Flowers away as carefully and tenderly as in our rough way we knew how.

The day herders had grazed the herd up close to the rock, so they could be at the grave, the cattle were scattered all around us, and the cook had taken out the mess-box and used the mess-wagon to bring the body over in.

When the last sods were placed on the mound, Jack, with tears running down his sunburned face, which he vainly tried

to stay with the back of his glove, looked around and said: "Boys, it seems pow'ful hard to plant poor Tom and not say a word of gospel over him. Can't some of ye say a little prayer, or repeat a few lines of scripiter?"

We all looked at each other in a helpless sort of way, and no one spoke a word until the youngest there, the "horse-wrangler," a boy from Indiana, whom we had named the "Hoosier Kid," spoke up and said: "I kin say the Lord's prayer, ef that'll be any good."

"Kneel down, fellers, and take off your hats," said Jack; and there in the bright sunshine of an Arizona day, with a thousand long-horned steers tossing their heads and looking at us with wondering and suspicious eyes, with no sound save the occasional rough "Caw!" "Caw!"

of a solitary desert raven idly circling over our heads, that dozen of rough cow-boys knelt down, their heads reverently bared, while the "Hoosier Kid," with streaming eyes, slowly recited that divinely simple prayer which we had all learned at our mother's knee, "Our Father, who art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name."

As we rode slowly back to camp the words of the last song that poor Tom ever sang would come to me again in spite of all I could do.

Ah, me! Poor Tom! It's little religious training you got on the prairies, or the trail, or in the cow camp; but if that "Great Owner" looks into the heart, I am sure He found you worthy to wear His brand, and to be cut into the herd that goes up the "trail that is narrow and dim."



Drawn by Hy Sandham.

THE GRAVE AT THE AZTEC ROCK.

A THREE-STRANDED YARN.

THE WRECK OF THE LADY EMMA.

BY W. CLARK RUSSELL.

XXIV.

THE BRIG ALBATROSS.

I REMAINED, nevertheless, in the cabin of the whaler until the captain grew impatient and showed signs of wishing to be rid of me, on which I thanked him, shook hands, and was rowed ashore.

I drove to the boarding-house and there found the following letter :

MOWBRAY, December 17, 1860.

"Mr. Hoskins' compliments to Mr. Moore : he has obtained leave to open the grave and will, with Mr. Moore's permission, call for him in a closed carriage at five o'clock to-morrow afternoon."

This gave a new turn to my thoughts. My first humor was to decline the invitation : it was not Marie who lay in that grave, and I did not like the thought of

the memory the sight would create. But after reflecting a while I resolved to attend. Sir Mortimer would wish that I should take every measure to satisfy myself as to the identity of the remains.

Having written an answer, I sent it to the post by a servant, by which hour dinner was ready and I took my place. Five of us were at table, including the lady of the house, who carved. The colonel, sitting opposite me, almost immediately asked what news I had got of the ship seen on the ice. I had made up my mind to talk, partly because it did me good to do so, partly because I never could tell what hints and news might follow upon free speech.

I answered that the dismasted hull the captain of the whaler had seen was the Lady Emma.

"Does he think there are people locked up in her?" cried the colonel with excitement.

A Dutch gentleman (I will call him Pollak) who sat next him, inquired with civil curiosity what we were talking about, on which I put down my knife and fork and plainly related my story.

They listened to me with deep attention. All, saving the colonel, had heard of the arrival of the schooner with the body : indeed,—which was extraordinary,—the Dutch gentleman was one of a few who had been present when the remains were taken out of the cask. I had passed several hours a day since my arrival in this man's company, and now learnt for the first time that he had seen the body!

It was no season, however, for questioning him, and the conversation of



Drawn by F. LIX.

"MR. POLLAK INTRODUCED HIM AS THE MASTER OF THE BRIG."

the table went to the wreck seen by the captain of the whaler. The colonel talked fluently, but not serviceably; but I listened with kindness, for I was grateful to him as the occasion of this astounding discovery.

After dinner I went on to the stoop to breathe the fresh air, and smoke, and think; I hoped that the others, remarking the state of my mind, would leave me alone; they did so; the colonel, the Dutch gentleman, and two others, who arrived after dinner, drank coffee at a table at the other end of the veranda.

At last the Dutch gentleman, Mr. Polak, came from his party, and pulling a chair to my side seated himself. He said, speaking with an excellent English accent:

"I have thought, as I saw the body, you would wish me to describe it. It was not to be spoken of at table."

"The photographs were ghastly pictures," said I.

"Ach, Gott!" he cried, with such a roll of his eyes under the lids as made them balls of porcelain. "But how should any one, the handsomest, appear who was five weeks in spirits after having been drowned and lifted out of the sea? And still her hair was long, and fair, and fine, and there was a shadow of beauty in the mask of her face—all saw it."

"She was not Miss Otway," said I.

He described every feature, and I continued to shake my head.

"No, no," said I, "she is not Miss Otway. The girl I want is in that ship on the ice; yet—is she there?"

"Well, it must be found out," said he.

"I shall go about it to-morrow."

"Mr. Moore," said he, after a short silence, "you are a stranger in Cape Town. I have many friends. If I can be useful, you will, I beg, command me."

I thanked him, and said I had brought a few letters of introduction, but, conceiving the purpose of my visit ended when I viewed the photographs, I had called nowhere. I slightly referred to my position in London, that is, as a partner in my father's bank, and added that the manager of a South African bank, whose headquarters were in Cape Town, had been a senior clerk in my father's office, but that I had not visited him.

"Would not the British admiral who is

at Simon's Town," said he, "send out a ship-of-war to search for the wreck?"

I replied quickly, "No, I must go myself," and added, "you may not have had experience in the ways of British officials."

He smiled, and answered, "The admiral might give you leave to go in the ship he sent."

"I can tell you exactly how it would be," said I: "I go to the admiral, and the admiral demands the log-book of the whaler. The whaler has sailed; the admiral requires full particulars of the wreck before despatching one of his ships to a perilous part of the world; full particulars can be obtained only in London; by the time the British admiral sees his way, the hull, when sought, has disappeared."

He smiled again, stroking his chin.

"When I left the whaler," said I, finding it eased my heart to talk, and pleased with his plain sympathy, "I had formed a resolution. It may be, sir, that you are able to help me in it."

He bowed.

"I intend at once, that is to-morrow, if to-morrow will provide me with the opportunity, to hire a vessel and sail for Coronation island as promptly as she can be equipped and victualled."

"Ah," he exclaimed, "that looks like business. It will be expensive—"

I interrupted him with an exclamation.

"Yes," he exclaimed, a little ruefully, "that should not be thought of: it will be a marvelous, noble thing to save the life of your young lady and her companions. How can I help, now?—let me see. I am acquainted with most of the leading merchants here. I believe that my friend, Mr. Vanderbyl, is expecting a consignment from an Australian port. Perhaps the vessel has arrived. I will inquire. If it is the same brig that was here last spring, she will be the very boat for you. Her name is the Albatross. Did you observe a brig painted white amongst the shipping when you went on board the whaler?"

"I did not."

"If she comes with the same captain, and can be hired, he will be your man: Captain Christopher Cliffe, a clever, little, honest, sober sailor. I know him very well. He was second mate of a ship I sailed to England in. Well, I will inquire

and see what is to be done, and you, also, will inquire. But the Albatross is your ship, sir; a clipper. She slides like a knife through the sea, and should put you abreast of the hull as quickly as steam."

"But she is not yet arrived."

"She is due."

"She will need time to discharge her cargo."

"If she is in the bay," said he, "she should be able to sail with you in a fortnight, and that is as quick as gold itself shall let you be in this climate."

I was excited by his praise of the brig, and standing up I asked him to accompany me to the waterside and search the bay with his sight for her. But he had an engagement, so I stepped forth alone, there still remaining a long evening of daylight.

I made my way to the same place I had embarked from that afternoon, and looking at the scene of bay. Vessels of all rigs and of several nationalities, and, as though heaven were on my side in this time of trial and grief, I saw what I guessed was the vessel I was here to look for: she lay, curiously enough, immediately astern of the whaler—a milk-white figure, slightly swaying on the satin-smooth heave, with wet green gleams trembling along her as she lifted her metal sheathing.

I said to a colored waterman who stood near, pointing to the brig:

"What brig is that, do you know?"

He answered immediately, "De Albatross, boss!"

"Ha!"

"From Sydney, boss."

"When did she arrive?"

"Two yastardays, boss."

But it was not wonderful she should have escaped my observation: in going and coming from the whaler I had thought of nothing but what I was to hear and what I had heard.

I saw no more of my Dutch friend till next morning, when, at eleven o'clock, whilst I was making ready to drive into the town and inquire about the brig Albatross, a servant knocked on the door and said Mr. Pollak was below with another and wished to see me.

His companion was a little man, almost a dwarf; his nose was as long as Punch's; his mouth much like that puppet's, wide

and thin, with the look of a smirk in the curl of the lips at either extremity; he wore little slips of gray whiskers; his eyes were deep-sunk, gray, and kindly, and he blinked them with a nervous fury when he dodged a sort of sea-bow on Mr. Pollak introducing him. He was almost bald, and was, perhaps, fifty-five years of age, much curved in the back, his shanks slightly arching out. Mr. Pollak called him Captain Christopher Cliffe, and introduced him as master and part owner of the brig Albatross.

"I know," said the worthy Dutchman, "that time is precious to you. I am glad we have found you in. I cannot stay. But I will leave Captain Cliffe behind me to talk with you."

And picking up his hat, he nodded and went out.

I asked the little man if Mr. Pollak had told him my story.

"Enough," he answered, "to make me understand there is reason to hurry."

"The whaler Sea Queen," said I, "lying just ahead of you—"

"She sailed this morning," he interrupted.

"She sighted a hull high and dry on the ice of Coronation island, New Orkneys," said I, pulling out my note-book to give him the date. "That hull when she was made a raft of by the loss of her masts, was abandoned by the crew in latitude fifty-eight degrees, forty-five minutes south, longitude forty-five degrees, ten minutes west. Three people were left in her,—one of them a young lady,—dearer to me than my heart's blood. The Lady Emma is as surely the hull that was seen by the Yankee as that you who hear me are alive."

"You think to find the people still locked up in her?" said he, blinking and snapping his lips with many convulsive grimaces.

"I mean to find that out. Is your brig for hire?"

"Ay."

"When will she be ready?"

"I hope to have the remaining cargo out of her by Monday next; she's then at your service."

"Have you a crew?"

"I'll get a good 'un when you're ready, sir."

"What's the tonnage of the vessel?"

"One hundred and seventy register."

"What'll be the cost?"

"Thirty shillings per ton a month, we finding everything, or fifteen shillings and you finding everything."

I put down the figures and said, "How long is it going to take the brig to arrive off the island?"

He talked a little to himself, blinking and grimacing absurdly, and replied, "Call it a month."

"I should like to see the brig, Captain Cliffe."

"At once, if you will, sir."

I sent for a cab and we drove to the waterside. He talked freely when he was out of the house and driving; I found something very honest and diverting in this little man's looks and manner of speech. He had an amazingly brisk and nimble mind, I thought; I got at that in a very little while; he went behind my questions, fetched a number of new possibilities for hope to feed on out of the scheme of the search, and heartened me vastly by his clear view and statement of my wishes and plans. Of course, it was my duty, he said, to sail right away. Who wouldn't, to deliver his young lady

out of such a scene of horror? But humanity was in it, too. The hull was to be searched for and overhauled, and I was quite right in reckoning that if I left that job to the British admiral the hulk would have disappeared, or the people inside have perished into statues of ice before the official mind had settled what to do.

"Not unlikely," said he, as we drove along, "the parties have been taken out; sealers and whalers are constantly moving about those waters, but we aren't to think of that. If they're gone so much the better, for then they're safe elsewhere; but it's your business to consider that they're still there, and to fetch 'em."

My spirits rose under the influence of this man's conversation. His practical mind put everything so clearly that in imagination, even whilst we made for the brig, I had realized my hopes—I had rescued Marie and her companions—we were proceeding home.

The brig did not show so milk-white when close to as from the beach; rusty blood-like stains lay dried in scars under the bolt-heads and other metal projections, but her figure gained in beauty when approached. I am no sailor, but when I ran



Drawn by F. Lix.

"THE TWO GENTLEMEN TOASTED THE LITTLE MAN."

my eye over her molded shape, I would have wagered there were few swifter vessels of her rig and tonnage then afloat. A lighter or something of that sort was alongside receiving cargo; a man in a cloth cap and half Wellington boots was perched on the rail close to where the cargo was going over the side; he made notes with a pencil in a little book. Three or four colored men were winding at a winch. The man on the rail touched his cap when we gained the deck.

"That's my mate, Mr. Bland," said Captain Cliffe. "He's a good seaman. I can recommend him."

I sent a glance of curiosity at the sailor, guessing if I hired this brig he would go with us; he had the face of a sheep, dark eyes set far back close against his ears, a thick, black beard, and a weather-tanned skin filled with the holes of small-pox. An ugly man, indeed, yet you saw honesty and intelligence like a light of good humor in the expression of him.

Captain Cliffe took me round the decks of the little craft, first of all. I had no eye for points of marine equipment, yet noticed a smart galley with red tiles on the floor, a seat athwartships, and a small array of saucepans, kettles, and the like, all very clean. The windlass looked small, so roomy was the fore-castle. The captain then took me aft to the companion, which was painted green, trotting by my side, of the height of a boy, from time to time looking up into my face to observe if I was pleased.

I halted in the companion and asked how many boats he carried; he answered two, and pointed to a long-boat stowed near the galley this side of it, and then to the water astern, where a small boat was floating.

"We ought," said I, "to go well provided with boats of an exact form and strength for passing through the breach of the sea. The waves break heavily under the hull, the whaling captain said, and we must be prepared for a high surf the whole length of the coast."

"You're quite right, sir," said the little man. "But if we come to terms, you've only got to commission me, and whatever's needful I'll see to. For instance, there's a height of ice cliff, and grappling-irons'll be wanted. And we

should carry a few lengths of rope ladder. It isn't as though we had to find her. We know she's high and dry. Make the worst of it, and call it fifty feet above the wash. And we've got to be provided with machinery for entering."

Thus speaking, he descended, and I followed.

The companion steps were almost up and down: on the right, at the bottom of the ladder, was a sleeping berth, a sort of cupboard with a sliding door like a smackman's bedroom; on the left was the main cabin, a larger interior than I expected to see. It was well lighted by a frame of windows overhead and round scuttles in the walls, and furnished with a table, locker seats, and a few camp-stools. Forward was a brightly polished brass fireplace. Three small berths were bulkheaded off this living room, one of which the captain told me was a sail and boatswain's locker, and the other a bread and store locker; "but we can clear 'em out," said he, "when they come to be wanted."

I was satisfied, and then and there resolved to hire this brig and sail quickly for that far-off, ice-clad island. I sat down on one of the lockers and asked the captain to take pen and paper, and we talked about what would be required, making notes, and reckoning up the expenses, till I bethought of my engagement with Mr. Hoskins, and with a reluctant handshake took my leave.

At five o'clock Mr. Hoskins drove up to the boarding-house, and we at once started for the cemetery. He was alone in a closed carriage, and was dressed in mourning as deep as man's apparel can express grief. I, too, had been careful to clothe myself in black. I had not seen Mr. Hoskins since the arrival of the Cambrian. He was pale and melancholy, and his spirits seemed depressed with thought of the distressing ceremony we were bent upon.

"I am sorry, now," said he, as we drove along, "that I solicited permission to inspect the remains. The photographs were perfectly convincing, and still I felt it—I feel it—my duty to make as sure as opportunity admits. Captain Ollier will expect me to tell him all that it was in my power to learn. Nor, perhaps, should I feel perfectly satisfied to erect the monu-

ment I intended for my poor child, without looking into her coffin to see that it is she herself who will lie under it."

I answered that this melancholy undertaking was even less needful to me than to him; but that, like himself, I saw the necessity of confirming my own opinion by every possible testimony for the peace of my own heart, as well as for the satisfaction of Miss Otway's father.

We then talked of my chances of finding Marie in the hull upon the island, and I told him how I had hired the brig *Albatross*, and intended myself to sail in her as soon as she discharged her cargo.

Whilst Mr. Hoskins was telling me how he contrived to obtain an order for the exhumation of the remains, we arrived at the cemetery, where we alighted, and my companion conducted me to the grave, whose situation he was exactly acquainted with. A number of persons were beside the grave: two were sextons armed with mattocks or spades; the others were strangers, but one, I believe, was a medical man, and another a government official. They raised their hats, and after the exchange of a few commonplace greetings decorously attuned, the diggers went to work.

The body had lain in this grave since August—four months. The heat thrilled in a sort of surging wave that closed upon the respiration with a sense of suffocation, whilst we stood watching the diggers. I shuddered at the idea of looking. I had come to Cape Town conceiving that this body was Marie's; I now knew it was not hers; nevertheless, I guessed that the aspect of that dead face must become a memory that would be inseparably associated with Marie's image, whether I was to behold her again or not, and my spirits shrunk as I stood watching.

The group of us were the only living occupants of that field of sleepers. Doubtless, the order had gone forth for all to be excluded till the coffin had been re-buried. They came to it at last: it was raised with some trouble, a plain, black box, and placed upon the edge of the grave, and without an instant's loss of time the person with whom Mr. Hoskins had been conversing unscrewed the lid—and we looked.

I had expected to behold something that was to shock the sight and create a

memory of pain and disgust; instead, there lay before us, her head pillowed, her arms peacefully crossed, the form of a young woman whose face through chemic changes explicable only by the pen of science, had filled and freshened in complexion to an aspect easily supportable by the most nervous or sensitive eye. I could almost understand my Dutch friend's reference to a shadow of beauty lurking in this dead mask of countenance. The hair was very fair and beautifully abundant; but it was not the hair of Marie: the hands were not Marie's. Now that I looked upon her, I observed that she resembled Marie to a less degree even than the pictures expressed the likeness. I shook my head and drew back a pace, covering my face: the sight was pitiful—I could not bear to look beyond a moment or two.

Mr. Hoskins viewed the remains in silence, then sobbed, and I looked at him. Our eyes met across the coffin, and exclaiming, "It is my daughter, Mr. Moore. It is Charlotte, the wife of Captain Henry Ollier!" he sank upon his knees and folded his hands in prayer beside his child.

XXV.

AT SEA AGAIN.

I had arrived at Cape Town on the 13th of December, and on the 26th of the same month the colonial brig *Albatross* lay in Table bay, waiting for me to go aboard in order to sail. This was surely what the ship-owners would call "prompt despatch."

On the morning then of the 26th I said good-by to my friends in the boarding-house, and drove to one of the jetties where Captain Cliffe awaited me. I was accompanied by the colonel and Mr. Pollak. A considerable crowd had assembled to see me embark; the story had leaked out, and had been printed in the papers.

It was an extraordinary romance; Mr. Pollak had assured me that all Cape Town was talking about it. For the first time in my life I was made to understand the inconvenience and discomfort of publicity. A number of ladies were in the crowd, and they thrust most unceremoniously forward to catch sight of me. When I got into the boat, the crowd good-naturedly

cheered; I did not feel easy till the oars were dipping and the boat under way, for the crowd was bringing others, and as we rowed from the jetty, I saw some men and women running toward the water.

Mr. Pollak and the colonel went on board with me. Mr. Pollak had on several occasions visited the brig; the colonel had not before viewed her close; he was greatly pleased, and hummed a tune approvingly as he accompanied me about the decks. One detail of furniture, his own suggestion, he lingered over: it was a bright, brass cannon on the quarter-deck.

"He'll do for you," he exclaimed, slapping the breech of the piece. "That should fetch an echo loud enough to awaken the dead."

A little further aft stood a mortar, with its round mouth gaping at the sky.

"What's that for?" asked the colonel. "Isn't the gun noisy enough to alarm 'em if they're aboard?"

"It is my idea," said Mr. Pollak. "Suppose it should be impossible to scale the slope and reach the ship, here is an engine that will throw you a ball and line which any one on board may catch and pull ladders up by."

"Good!" exclaimed the colonel.

We then examined the two fresh boats which Captain Cliffe had purchased on my behalf: they were large, strong, handsome whale-boats, strengthened by iron beams, or girders, under the thwarts, and made life-boats of by a quantity of cork fenders carefully laced or otherwise secured along the sides.

"These," said I, "together with rope ladders hooked for scaling, and grappling-irons, form my machinery."

"It is all you will need," said Mr. Pollak, "and I am sure every one must pray that God will bless and prosper your noble voyage."

I took the worthy Dutchman's hand, and thanked him with a silent grip.

At that moment the windlass began to clank; immediately a hoarse voice bawled out a song whose burthen was caught and flung in a tempest of tune into the air by the seven or eight hearts who bowed and rose at the windlass handles.

"Come, Mr. Pollak, come, colonel!" I exclaimed. "There's time for a bumper."

I called to the captain to send aft the

lad who was to wait upon us in the cabin, and descended with my friends. A magnum of champagne was opened, and we filled and drank to the voyage. I obliged Captain Cliffe to come down and drink. He cried through the skylight that he durst not leave the deck for above three minutes; I told him to come, and the two gentlemen toasted the little man, who delivered, with several grimaces, a brief, sailorly speech, then rushed away.

I bade Mr. Pollak good-by with a full heart. The colonel followed him into the boat, which put off, and then hung by on her oars to watch us. At this time the anchor was off the ground, and the crew were making sail on the brig, whose bowsprit, with a white pinion of jib swelling from it, was rounding, fingerlike, in a slow, pointing way for the open; the sheep-faced mate stood on the fore-castle shouting orders; a sailor was at the wheel; Captain Cliffe crossed the deck from left to right, looking up and around, moving swiftly, a doll of a man, grimacing at every pause in his nimble trot.

Some of the ships round about had got our tale, I fancy, or at least the scent of our errand, since from most of them we were watched by many heads above the rail. Presently the brig's stern was to the wind; her topsails filled, the lighter sails glanced wing-shaped to the yard-arms to the drag of the gear; I waved my hat from the quarter to my two friends, and they flourished a last farewell. My voyage, strange as any that had ever been undertaken in this world, was begun.

We were the only ship at that time leaving the bay, and I think our lonely going must have given a certain majesty and nobleness to the figure of the vessel in the eyes of those who watched us, with the significance of her dangerous, surprising, romantic mission going along with her. I don't know what my own sensations were; I was sensible, perhaps, of a little triumph of spirits at this getting away so quickly, and then there was the feeling that I was in action, that no time was being lost; and yet there was a heaviness at my heart, too, the chill of doubt, a frosty dread that the errand would prove profitless, and that if God suffered me to return home, it must be as a mourner.

But we were sailing through a wide, shining scene of commanding beauty,



Drawn by F. Lix.

FOURTEEN ABOARD.

lofty and gloriously colored, and the influence of it, I don't doubt, rescued me from the dark mood imagination might have raised. The mountains towered on our left; Cape Town vanished, and we softly drove, with a noise of fountains on either hand, past rich curves of shore, on whose margin the huge Atlantic comber formed and fell in snowstorms.

The crew were now occupied in coiling away the rigging and clearing up the decks, and I had an opportunity of viewing them. All were white men; there were eight, together with a cook, and a boy to wait upon us aft, making with captain and mate twelve of a company, which was plenty. Cliffe had told me he would not ship a certificated second mate; the man who went as boatswain would relieve the mate and stand a watch. That man was a wiry, middle-aged seaman; he wore a spread of gray whisker, scissors-trimmed, close to his face, and had dark, eager eyes which he rolled quickly as a monkey's; he sang out briskly, and sprang about the decks. Little Captain Cliffe, observing that I watched the man,

came and stood beside me, and spoke up softly to my ear:

"I engaged that chap because of his knowledge of the ice. He told me he was seven years whaling in the Pacific and Southern oceans. He is the most wonderful jumper I ever heard of."

"So old as he is?"

"Forty-five, or thereabouts. Men of that sort soon lose the reckoning of their birth. I don't allow their mothers ever enter 'em. They're always the age it suits 'em to be. He's a marvelous jumper, sir. Tell ye what he did—and it astonished me: there was a horse and trap standing close beside where we were talking. He turns on a sudden and sings out, 'Captain, did yer ever see this done?' and putting his feet together, and clenching his fists, he bent his knees, let go of the ground like, and shot as a bolt, clearing the horse till you could see half the length of his own legs of blue sky 'twixt his feet and the animal's back."

He gazed up at me grinning, and added, "I allow, should it come to any awkward climbing, we'll find that covey handy."

I lingered a little to watch the brig and the coast. I looked for a sail, but nothing broke that measureless run of horizon; the junction of air and water had a wild loveliness with the violet of the brine washing the light azure; though the fear and mystery of beauty I found in it then, doubtless came of the thought of what lay hidden from me hundreds of leagues deep beyond that slope of airy silver. Had we been a ship of ancient explorers, the field of ocean could not have shown more barren than my eyes, exploring its recesses under the shade of my hand, found it.

I now went below to see my berth and arrange my traps, but halted at the cabin table to lean upon it and think. This interior was wholly unlike the *Lady Emma's*; yet the skylight, the lockers, the several trifling details of cabin furniture brought to my recollection that day in the Thames, when I had said good-by to Marie in her cabin, alone. What had been her sufferings since? If she was in the hull, she had been imprisoned at this date for five months, and by the time we got to her, six. For six months she would have been locked up in a motionless hulk, high perched upon a savage island, heavily faced with ice, with a thunder of surf far down for ever in her ear, and always the same white, desolate, fierce prospect of frozen cliffs and rolling ocean. Would it not have killed her? I clasped my hands in the torment of the thought. Should I be making this voyage to a remote ice-girt island merely to enter the wreck, and behold the remains of my Marie, as I had looked into that coffin in Cape Town beholding another?

I passed into my own berth, a small but comfortable box, and after busying myself for half an hour, during which I had recalled my mind to something of its former composure, I reentered the cabin and found the table laid for dinner.

I stepped on deck to take a look: the land was melting into a vast roll of shadow astern, and on the port quarter flung down to the Cape end; the breeze hung steady, only it came fresher, more fiery and sparkling out here in the wide ocean; we had changed our course by two or three points, bringing it somewhat abaft the beam; I saw no cloud, nothing but a glad race of flashing bright-blue

seas ridging from an horizon that rose into a dome of untarnished blue in the midst of which was the sun.

I could not forbear a smile when I reflected that, to all intents and purposes, I was veritably the owner of this white brig sweeping southwest, and the master of those people yonder. What would my prosaic friends of the city think of such an adventure as this I was upon? But put Marie by my side, or bid me know for a God's truth that she was safe, and I'd have sworn there was nothing in this wide world of delights comparable with such sailing as this.

My reverie was disturbed—for Cliffe stood silent by my side—by the sight of the boy coming along with the cabin dinner, and presently the captain and I were seated at table.

This was my first meal aboard, and I often laugh silently when memory returns me the image of my little skipper sitting behind a roast fowl, blinking and stretching his lips at it, then rising and lurching over it, being too short to carve it sitting. He saw amusement in my face, for on beginning to eat he said he often lamented that he had come in at the tail end of his family when nearly all the height had been served out. He was the last born, and arrived when not very many inches were left. He had a brother six foot high, and his mother was a big woman. He told me that he once dined with a company of people, when the Queen's health was proposed and every one stood. His neighbor requested him to stand up as the Queen's health was being drunk. He answered he was up. These were the sort of mortifications, he said, to which little men were subjected.

After a bit, talking always as I now did on the subject of the *Lady Emma*, and our chances of finding Miss Otway alive in the wreck, I asked if the boatswain of the brig—that jumping seaman who had been whaling seven years—had ever sighted the New Orkneys.

"I didn't think of asking," he answered; "but I'll soon find out, sir."

"Would you object to his coming here?"

"This is your ship, Mr. Moore."

"I'd like to ask him some questions."

He at once told the boy who waited on us to send Bodkin aft. In a few minutes

the man came; by this time we had dined, said the captain, lingering to hear what this boatswain had to say before he went on deck to send the mate to his dinner.

"I've been telling this gentleman," said the captain, leaning his little figure against a stanchion and discharging a whole broadside of grimaces at Bodkin, who stood staring at us and around him, astonished at this summons, "that you've been awhaling seven years in the Pacific and Southern ocean."

Here Bodkin lifted his hand to his forehead in the seaman's salute to me.

"Know anything of the New Orkneys?" said the captain with nervous abruptness, like the briskness of a bird.

"Well, sir; bin off 'em again and again."

"Sit down," said I. "Boy, give Mr. Bodkin a glass of sherry."

Bodkin put down his cap and took the glass and tipped down the wine.

I then said: "Do you know that we're sailing to the New Orkneys?"

"Oh, yes. I signed for that run."

"Is our errand known to you?"

"It's to search for a wreck, ain't it, sir?"

"A wreck with live people in it," said Captain Cliffe. "I made that clear, didn't I?"

"Then I hope we shan't find 'em," said Bodkin.

"What!" shouted Cliffe, with a hideous face.

"For their own sakes. Who'd lock a dog up there?" said the man, running the length of his wet, bare arm along his streaming forehead. "'Tain't imagined here, with the pitch 'twixt the seams like suet, and the paint-work blistering into scabs. I've been off the larger of them islands five times. Yer wouldn't know 'em from icebergs, 'sept for here and there a piece of naked, black rock showing where snow couldn't keep a hold of."

"Could a boat land?" I exclaimed, scarcely bearing to hear him when he talked like that.

"Why yes, sir. This time of the year—watching a smooth—'tain't always what they calls weather down there; but it's bloody cold."

"Were ye ever ashore on them islands?" inquired the captain.

"No, sir."

"Did your ship send a boat ashore?" I asked.

"The last time I was off them rocks, a boat was sent, and she come back again; they was nearly capsized, and that was all they did."

"Describe the land," said I.

His recollection, however, was not very clear. He talked of tall ice-cliffs, and of a huge, dim mountain far inland, and of peaks and projections showing and disappearing amidst storms of snow.

"Is there much ice about the island?" said I.

"Plenty," he answered. "The biggest berg I ever see in all my life was close in with that land, third time I wur off it."

"Suppose the hull of a ship was on a ledge of ice thirty or forty feet above the wash of the sea; she was laying plain in sight of the ocean (I named the date on which the skipper of the whaler Sea Queen had passed her), would you expect to find her still exposed, lying in full view?"

He looked at me with a working mind, his words being too few to help him quickly, then said, turning his eyes upon the captain:

"All things considered, I allow it's more'n likely she'd be smothered up."

"What's to smother her?" cried Captain Cliffe.

"The congregating of bergs," answered the other.

"Is that all ye know of ice?" exclaimed the little man. "Haven't you heard that ice fetches away from the main and works north this time o' year?"

"I'm asked a question," said the man, with a note of sullenness in his voice, "and I'm expected, I suppose, for to speak the truth, being sent for. All I know is there's nothen so shiften as ice and, therefore, nothen so smothering."

"But the hull's ashore on an island," I exclaimed.

"That's not going to stop the ice from a-blocking of her out," he answered.

"I'm afraid you won't get much encouragement out of this man," said Captain Cliffe, turning and grimacing at me.

"Yer see, sir," said Bodkin, directing a languishing look at the decanter of sherry in the hands of the boy as he went to the pantry, "'tain't only the chance of that there hull being hobscorified by the

congregating of ice right in front of her; she lies under cliffs which are constantly a-going to pieces, and tumbling down in thundering lumps."

"Then," said I, "I take it, Mr. Bodkin, that you, who have had plenty of experience of the ice down south, give me little reason to hope that we shall find the wreck whole, or the people abandoned in her alive?"

He rolled his monkey eyes briskly at this, fretting first one cropped gray whisker and then the other with the palm of his hand.

"I allow," he answered after a silence, during which little Captain Cliffe viewed him as sternly as his nervous distorting affection permitted, "that your chance is as good as any chance at sea h'ever can be. But I don't mind saying," he added, standing up, catching hold of his cap and revolving it, "that our number is agin your luck."

"What's that?" exclaimed the captain.

"Let the gent count us. There's thirteen souls."

"Go forward," said the captain, "and get on with your work."

The man, with a civil flourish of his hand to his brow, left the cabin.

"There's no fool like Jack fool," said Captain Cliffe.

I confess, however, that when I reckoned up to myself the number of people on board, and made us thirteen, I felt a little uneasy. I said nothing to the captain, but the thing weighed upon me. It was perfectly natural that at such a time I should be superstitious; certainly a good omen would have heartened me; why then should not so unlucky a circumstance as that of thirteen forming the number of us in the brig prove depressing? I was so weak in this way that I had serious thoughts of ordering Cliffe to tranship one of the men at the first chance that offered. Also, the boatswain's, Bodkin, description of the island, his talk of the cliffs of ice splitting and thundering down in blocks, worried me by exciting new apprehensions. I was sorry I had sent for the man. I had come from the deck to my dinner in tolerably good spirits, and when I returned on deck I felt as melancholy as ever I had been in my gloomiest hour aboard the Cambrian.

The mood lasted for the remainder of

the day, so that spite of the noble sailing breeze this, my first start in search of Marie, seemed as inauspicious as though the scheme had failed in the first breath of it. But after a long chat with Cliffe in the evening, I grew more cheerful.

Every hour of such progress shortened the term of expectation; all might yet be well; I could not but reflect that until the worst was known, the best might most rationally be hoped for.

Thus I reasoned with myself after my talk with Cliffe in the evening, and was somewhat easier at heart, which, indeed, in this whistling evening, merry with progress, spacious with the splendor of the setting sun, and the distance of the eastern seaboard faintly flushed, might have been at rest but for the gloom of the silly superstition of thirteen!

About this time, a little before it fell dark, whilst looking toward the forecabin where most of the crew were smoking and talking, I saw a man come out of the hatch hugging something to his breast. The sailors jumped up and pressed about him. Hands were outstretched to what the fellow held, and I heard some laughter. Cliffe was below. The mate, Bland, was walking near me, abreast of the skylight. He bawled out:

"What have you there, my lads?"

On which the boatswain, Bodkin, snatching the object from the hold of the man, held it high, shouting:

"Here's good luck to the brig Albattross; and now there's fourteen all told!"

I stared, and saw it was a cat he held. It was black as coal.

"Bring it here," I cried.

He came, the others grinning as they stood in a huddle looking aft. It was a young cat, and it mewled as the man approached with it. Cliffe came on deck at that moment.

"Where was it found?" I asked, stroking the thing as it lay mewling in Bodkin's hands.

"In one of the men's hammocks, sir."

"It's a cat!" exclaimed Cliffe, with a grimace. "Who brought it aboard?"

"No man owns to it," responded Bodkin.

"But who would bring it aboard, if it wasn't its own legs, Mr. Moore?" said Cliffe turning to me. "D'ye know I'd ask for no better stroke of luck in all my

*Drawn by F. Lix.*

"'FIRE!' I CRIED."

seafaring days than this same beast's presence," and he advanced his little hand and tickled the cat's head.

"There's fourteen of us now, sir," said Bodkin, with a darting roll of his eyes.

"Fourteen, and a stroke of luck besides, eh?" said I, with a foolish laugh of good spirits spite of myself.

XXVI.

THE ICE.

On the morning of January 29, 1861, Captain Cliffe, at dinner, told me that our position by dead reckoning—he had not been able to obtain an observation for two days—was latitude $58^{\circ} 30'$ S., longitude 45° W. I pulled out my note-book on hearing this, and started violently.

"Good God, Cliffe!" cried I, "do you know that we are within a mile or two of the place where the Lady Emma was abandoned by her crew?"

"Is that so," said the little man after a pause, closing his knife and fork. "But it's true, all the same; I'll back my runs for the last two days, log-reckoned as they are, right, longitude and latitude, within ten mile."

It was bitterly cold, and when I had come below so dense a fog overhung the sea that the main-yard was out of sight from the wheel. The brig was lying hove-to under small canvas; a large, smooth Cape Horn swell was running out of the sallow thickness, and the little vessel was rolling horribly.

We had passed several icebergs on the previous day during a very thick morning and afternoon, when the sky had been dark with driving cloud and the strong wind white with snow; and throughout the night a sharp lookout had been kept for ice; but since daybreak it had been as dense as it was now, with an awful silence all round; nothing had once broken the amazing, oppressive stillness upon that sea, sallow as the fog, laboring in volumes of brine, soundlessly, saving a strange, fierce noise of blowing heard close upon the bow, though nothing was to be seen there. Cliffe said it was a whale, and I might have guessed that by the sight of the boatswain, Bodkin, springing with an amazing jump into the fore-shrouds, and leaning away from the ratline he grasped

with pricked ears, staring as out of love for his old sport into the choking wool the breathless air was filled with.

I was as anxious and restless on account of the ice as any man aboard, though I was no sailor; Cliffe had said it didn't follow, though a hurricane blew, that the smother would clear. I knew that ice must be about; for still we had headed south after passing many bergs, and if wind came and gave us a drift without clearing the ocean for us, we might be foul of an ice-mountain ere the mass of it was fairly shaped to the sight within toss of a man's cap.

But I forgot our situation for a while when Cliffe told me where we were, and I looked into my note-book. Here the Lady Emma had been abandoned; here, if the horizon had been visible, then, within the compass of it Marie had been left with her two companions in a dismayed hull, amid such floating ice as during the past few days I had gazed at with fear and amazement; from this point the three in that mere raft of ship had drifted—the vessel on to the ice of Coronation island; that, undoubtedly, she had been seen, described, reported; but her inmates—had they been taken out of her? Or were they frozen corpses in her? Or were they living?

A fire glowed in the little, brass grate. The cabin was snug and warm enough with the companion doors closed, but I speedily grew restless after Cliffe had gone on deck. I asked the mate, when he came down to dinner, how the weather looked.

"Thick as muck, sir."

"Any signs of wind, Bland?"

"None. But there's no trusting the next minute."

"Any ice near us, think you?"

"The boatswain's been a-snuffling and says he can hear the noise of the beating of water. Nary man else do, though. Them whalemen are so clever they can thread needles with their toes. They can smell grease in a field of grass."

I put on a thick coat and went on deck. The brig's arrest on the smoke-thickened water, when one fancied that, if it would but clear and the sun flood the south with the sparkling splendor of the South Africa parallels, from the mastheads of the brig the loom of the huge, dim hill, past the cliff where the hull was lying might be

seen — this, I say, was maddening. I never could have imagined so dense a fog out of London. It was thick as soup, of a sort of dirty yellow, as though charged with the soot of a city of factories.

I held by a backstay, Cliffe standing beside me, and rolled my eyes around the sallow blindness, till all in a moment I heard a very faint moan like the noise of a sea running into a cave; it sounded afar, and yet not far either, as though something stood between the cause of it and us.

Cliffe heard nothing, though he grimaced in the direction I indicated, and dropped his head on his shoulder to hearken.

About this time the mate came up from his dinner. I asked him to listen, suspecting that the noise I had heard was the sound of sea upon ice. After a pretty good spell of silence, the three of us listening with all our might, Bland said:

"Sometimes if ice is near and can't be smelt or seen, it may be heard. If you fire off this gun," said he, putting his hand upon the brass piece, "and ice is by, it'll answer."

"Try it," said I.

He promptly went below and returned with the necessary ammunition; where our powder was kept I never inquired. He and Cliffe loaded the gun, the skipper snapping grimace after grimace with nervous excitement.

"Are you all ready?" said I.

Bland said yes, then shouted to the men forward to stand by to listen for an echo and note its bearings. The forms of the seamen loomed in mere smudges in the fog as they lurched to the rolling bulwarks to hearken.

"Fire!" cried I.

The piece blazed and thundered, lighting up the fog like a volcanic upheaval with a wild, crimson glare, as though it was the night itself the powder flashed against. But stunning as the roar was, it was not so deafening but that I, for one, caught an echo slinging back through the thickness on the starboard hand like a slap of our topsail against the mast.

"Hear it?" shouted a voice forward.

"We were answered yonder," I cried.

"Ship ahoy!" at that instant came in a hoarse but clear, thin, far voice out of the blankness on the port bow.

"Good thunder, we are hailed!" cried Cliffe. "Bland, answer. Your lungs have got more carrying power than mine."

"Hallo!" shouted Bland, going to the side in a spring and sending his voice in the direction of the hail in a deep, roaring, melancholy note.

"What ship's that?" came back distinct but remote, so wonderful was the hush, so burnished the swell. We made answer, and then roared Bland:

"What ship's that?"

"The Helen MacGregor of Hull, twenty months out. What's wrong with you, that you're firing guns?"

"All's right with us," bawled Bland.

"Any ice about, d'ye know?"

"Not used my eyes since daybreak," echoed the far, thin, hoarse voice.

It was strange to hear it, to look into the thickness and see nothing, to know that a ship was there and listen to a man talking on her. But conversation all that way off was not to be kept up long.

After remaining twenty minutes on deck, I felt the cold so severely that I returned to the cabin. After I had been below about half an hour the brig heeled sharply on a slant of swell without recovery as before, whence I guessed it had come on to blow suddenly. In fact, I might have known it by the noise of feet overhead and the gushing and hissing of water in motion, shouldered off in foam. I wrapped myself up and went on deck, and found the brig lying down close hauled under the canvas she had been brought-to with early in the morning; she was looking up for a tall, black, full-rigged ship that was lying, with her topsail to the mast, on the weather bow as though waiting for us.

I looked on in silence, keeping the shelter of the companion whilst the brig, under her little show of cloths, broke her way to windward, helped by the tall, black ship, whose drift was toward us. After some waiting, we were within hailing distance. She was just such another whaler as the Sea Queen, but bigger by a couple of hundred tons, worn and weedy, rolling dark decks at us with a glimpse of a black-roofed galley and smoking chimney. She was rich with ice device: fathoms of thick crystal hung from her tops, cat-heads, bowsprit, and quarters; a dull light sunk down her glass-like rig-

ging as she swayed. A crowd of men viewed us over her rail, and a man stood awaiting us beside the mizzen rigging, an arm wrapping a backstay, and his figure like a bear's with fur to his heels.

"What southing are you from?" shouted Cliffe, who, dwarf as he was to the sight, had something bugle-like in the clear, small, penetrating note of his throat's delivery.

"Sixty-one, sighting Elephant island. Nothing to the south'ard of it," shouted back the man in the bear-like coat.

"Been off the South Orkneys?" cried Cliffe.

"Just caught sight of the northwest point of Coronation island. 'Twas blowing hard and the weather coming on thick," answered the other.

The two vessels rolled at a distance apart not wider than a wide street; each man's voice rang through the wind in distinct syllables, spite of the splashing and groaning sounds, and the howling and whistling aloft when the brig's spars sheared to windward on the slope of the sea. When I heard the whalerman speak of Coronation island, I thought my heart had stopped. I wanted to speak but could not.

"How was the ice?" bawled Cliffe.

"Plentiful to the south'ard and west'ard."

"How was the ice about the New Orkneys?"

"More'n ye'll want, if you're bound there," was the answer.

"D'ye know that land?"

"Ay," was the answer that was accompanied by a significant ironical flourish of the arm.

"Where's a man's chance of getting ashore?"

The whalerman seemed to address another, probably the mate, who stood a little distance from him.

"There's some landing places on the south side," he presently called. "There's shelter there from the westerly winds. But you must see to your ship, for the ice is plentiful and dangerous."

"The wreck lies on the north side of the island," I called to Cliffe.

"Is there no landing on the north of the island?" shouted the little fellow.

The other answered, but the words were lost in a sudden blast or squall of wind

which blew betwixt our masts in a shriek like a locomotive's whistle. A moment later I saw the skipper of the whaler, as I presumed the bear-coated man to be, motioning to his crew and heard him, but faintly, shouting; thereupon the ship's topsail-yard was swung, the man brandished his fist in a farewell to us, and whilst we still lay as though hove-to, with the weather leech-rope of our band of topsail shaking at every smoking plunge of the brig's head, the ship heeled over, and gathering way, broke the seas off her lee bow into glaring heaps and melted into a swollen smudge in the heart of a body of vapor when our crew were trimming sail for the course to the New Orkneys.

The rolling ocean, sallow still, was thick in many places with fog. We saw now that ice lay all about us. There was scarce an opening in the vaporous folds that was not filled with a berg near or distant, a dull, pale, motionless mass.

I stood beside Cliffe, under the shelter of a large square of canvas in the main rigging; oilskinned figures watched on the forecabin; we drove very slowly; the running rigging had been seen to and carefully coiled down ready for instant handling should a sudden cry from the forecabin compel a shift of helm. I saw many birds flying in the hollow seas, and turning to mark the bearings of a small berg which had come and gone and come again on the starboard bow, I observed slowly swinging past about a half acre of the giant kelp of this part of the world, huge seaweed, glancing black in the whiteness of the froth, and hissing like shingle as the salt shot through it.

"Now that we are under way again," I exclaimed, "I am realizing that the end of this cruise is at hand."

"Were it all clear water and fine weather," answered the little man, "we should be off the island by noon to-morrow."

"What distance do you reckon it?"

"Eighty miles."

"That ship we have just spoken makes me believe the hull has been sighted again and again."

"Why, perhaps so," he answered, "but not of necessity."

"She was off the island, close enough to see the rocks."

*Drawn by F. Lix.*

"THE WORDS WERE LOST IN A SUDDEN SQUALL OF WIND."

"And who's to say that she's not the first that's been off that land this six months—close in with the coast, I mean? Depend upon it, Mr. Moore," he went on, with his face full of earnestness betwixt his grimaces, "you're doing the right thing for your own peace of mind and in the cause of humanity"—

"Oh, it goes higher than humanity, man, higher than humanity," I interrupted.

"—In finding out for yourself," he continued, "whether the hull's the wreck of the *Lady Emma*, and whether her captain and his wife, and your young lady, are still aboard."

"By heaven, yes, then!" I exclaimed. "Only to think of her as being on board, and perishing there for the want of my coming to her help! Whether she's there or not, Cliffe, it was the right thing to do, as you say, and even in that thought I find a sort of comfort. Shall you heave-to when it comes on dark?"

"I'm for shoving on, sir; but we'll take no risks."

"None, though the job of heaving the land into view should fill another month."

And still expectation and excitement so worked in me, I felt ill with the conflict. I was up and down ceaselessly till the dusk blackened the scene out. The cold drove me below, restlessness forced me above again. It was always the same picture, the rolling and plunging figure of the brig gleaming with barbs, and spears, and motionless pennons of ice.

Happily, after it had been dark about an hour, the brig still blowing forward under reefed topsail and foresail, whilst I sat in the cabin warming myself, drinking some hot brandy and water, but always with ears straining to catch a cry on deck, Cliffe came below and gave me the good news of a shift of wind into the northwest, with a scanting of it, and a plenty of starlight, and the Southern Cross looking almost upright.

"What does that signify?" said I.

"Nothing," he answered with a cheerful grimace; "except that as the Southern Cross is upright at midnight on one

day only in the year, the sight of it almost on end now is interesting."

"When is it actually upright?"

"On the 26th of March."

"D'ye know, Cliffe," said I, getting up meaning to take a look round, "that it's comforted me sometimes to think of that symbol of God overhanging these waters. It should be a sight to freshen a man's faith in a time of distress."

"Strange to find it hung down here where they're all heathens," said Cliffe.

"Much ice?"

"No more than there was, sir."

I went on deck. The dusk of the night was hard and clear, and I observed a keen blue in the trembling gleam of many of the stars. But though there was no wet in the air, I had never felt the cold so bitter as on this night. The sight of the nearer of the ice-mountains in the gloom under the light of the stars was marvelously fine and awful, some shone with a light of their own; it was the snow upon them I suppose that made that sheen. I noticed, however, that though the sea was covered with these faint and pallid masses, there was plenty of sea-room in the lanes and highways they made. A startling and alarming part was the crackling and crashing noises which came from them, and shortly before I was driven below by the cold, an island on the port quarter, wan as a cloud touched by a corner of moon, vanished; it may have shown in another shape by daylight; it had overset and, perhaps, rose flat and invisible in that light. But the spectacle was wonderful; it made a deep impression on me. Cliffe, who saw it, bid me listen, and sure enough after a little there came slanting through the wind such a prodigious noise of hissing and seething that, but for knowing what made it, you would have looked in its direction for the foaming waters of a sudden gale.

There was to be little rest for the crew that night. Cliffe informed me the men had been told that all hands would have to stand by throughout the dark hours, ready to jump to the first call if the brig was to remain a brig. A seaman was stationed on each bow; a third aloft on the foreyard; the mate and the boatswain were to relieve each other every two hours in keeping a lookout on the forecastle. A

man was stationed aft, ready in a breath to help at the helm. The galley fire was kept burning all night, and hot coffee, and, at longer intervals, small drams of rum were served out to the crew.

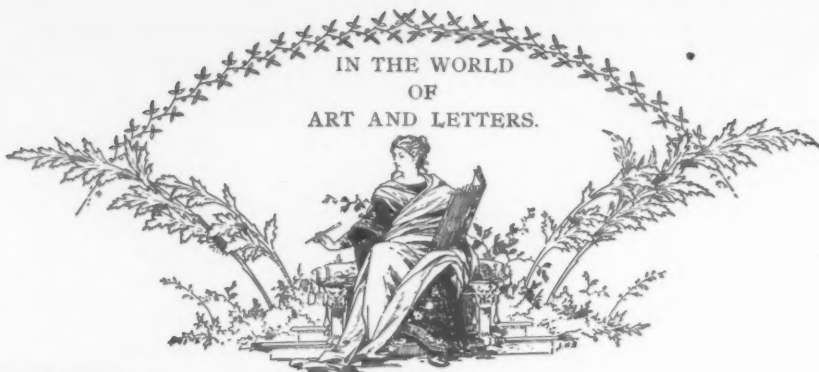
The chief peril lay in the smaller blocks of ice floating on the water; they were hard to see before they were dangerously close to; and yet, comparatively small as they were, any one of them was big enough to knock a hole in the brig's bottom and founder her out of hand.

Right through the night we held on. At first the cries of "ice ahead!" "ice on the port bow!" "starboard your helm!" and the like, alarmed me; but I presently got used to them, nor indeed were they so frequent as to be terrifying; once only, that is, in my hearing, was a cry raised as for life or death in a sudden passion or panic; then it was an immense, flat, ragged-edged piece of ice under the bow; a swift turn of the helm sent the brig clear, giving us a sight of the stuff alongside, and the brave little ship continued to break her way onwards.

Happily it was midsummer and the night comparatively short. The dawn was fair and rosy, and the sun rose upon a dark-blue sea, frothing far as the eye could pierce and magnificent with ice. I cannot express the gorgeous scene of color that sunrise called into being. In all directions the ice lay in a hundred shapes, some of the islands sparkling like prisms; I beheld floating cities of porcelain, enormous shapes in alabaster, figures of marble, monstrous and grotesque as those huge forms of rock which stand in a congregation of Titans at the base of some of the precipitous heights of Table bay.

But though there was plenty of ice in the south, there was an abundance of room, too, for our passage; the mate came down from the fore royal-yard with a telescope slung on his back, and said he saw no barrier; he thought, but would not then swear, he could make out a faint shadow of land. If he was right, then the mountain that centers Coronation island was in sight. The breeze was fresh out of the northwest, with a high, following sea, and soon after the sun was risen, and Cliffe had taken a long look round, he ordered sail to be made.

(To be continued.)



he Month in England.—There are a few new books. Every one who cares for literature at all, I suppose, will read "The Letters of S. T. Coleridge," edited by his grandson, Mr. Ernest Hartley Coleridge, *vir doctissimus et amicus meus*. He has done his work with perfect good taste, and the letters, not specially, at least not elaborately, well written, as he says, are a treasure of thoughts, facts, and phrases. A casual note tells how Scott and

Wordsworth took Hartley, as a boy, to the Tower, how Wordsworth would not pay to see the jewel-room, how Scott lingered fondly over the claymores and targets from Culloden. Of Goodwin, we read that he "is going to the dogs." We read Coleridge's long letter to Lamb, when they had quarreled over a sonnet, and every one remembers Lamb's sarcastic letter to Coleridge. But nobody can name or number Mr. Coleridge's treasures: let the reader procure the book, and dig in this mine for himself.

Mr. Zangwill's "The Master," I can now but glance at; it is long, it is serious; it is not dull. "Religion is too big for us; we are like mice in a cathedral." There is an aphorism! Are cathedral mice more opulent, or even yet poorer, than the traditional church mouse? The feeble mind thus rambles away from the immensities, like a kitten in a cathedral; enfin, one can only announce the book, not criticize it. The tide (I am glad to see) comes up in the fearless old fashion, but drowns nobody, and the frontispiece is a very good portrait of the author, and I shall master "The Master" as soon as I have leisure.

Mr. Crockett's "Bog Myrtle and Peat," a crowd of short stories not all Scotch, pleases me less than his earlier collection, but I read "Bog Myrtle" through the blue spectacles of influenza, or some such pessimistic malady. There is in it plenty of variety, and recreation, and whiggishness, that Galloway whiggishness, rather anarchic than otherwise. Mr. Crockett's Italian landscape is as good as his Scotch, and one could accept more of it, which is strange, for scenery in fiction is usually mere padding.

Two Earls of Barrymore were rare ruffians, according to Mr. J. R. Robinson, in his "Last Earls of Barrymore." One, as Viscount, betrayed his own father, a Jacobite, furnishing the Hanoverian government with a letter entrusted to him. This traitor's son invented and practised a perfectly new way of cheating at cards. The book is full of sporting and social gossip, which now amuses and now rather distresses a critic with a Presbyterian conscience. Barry Lyndon must have been connected with the Barrys of Barrymore.

Messrs. Chapman's "Magazine of Fiction" has "raised its sacred head," as an inscription on a Jacobite medal avers. It is printed on good paper, and has a staff of popular writers. But why print "bête noir" at this time of day?

Bête is a feminine noun, and takes, or should take, a sisterly adjective. I had expected nothing but fiction in this serial; alas, there is a play (does any one ever read a play when he can get a story?)—a play there is, and even a poem! The poem is about a poet, who was not so lucky as some, and is by Mr. Davidson. I would not discourage the minstrel, but I cannot understand why there should be such a medieval setting to an "age-end" ballad. There is singing in hall, at Yule, and the poet is applauded, and told that he should become a professional minstrel. But he has a mother to provide for, and other ties, so he sticks to agricultural pursuits and fails, and tries to sing again, and cannot, till a young bard chants a plain, scientific, atheistic ditty, for which he would have been promptly broiled in ages when men sang in hall. Then the old poet replies, in the old poetic strain, and is applauded, but behold, life is extinct. These things are an allegory, of course, but the construction leaves a great deal to be desired. Mr. Anthony Hope's ridicule of a London dinner-party is clever, funny, and saddening. Gordon preferred his worst quarters in tropical Africa to the chance of being present at a dinner-party. Miss Violet Hunt's novel is lively, but it was not a *man* who swung his *wife* from a nail, in a *Norse* legend, but a *woman* who swung her *husband*, in a *German* epic. However, accuracy on such a subject is pedantic, at least in a modern novel.

There is a harvest of New Women's books, and of squalors, as usual. "All these as a tide shall go by, as a wave they shall pass and be past."

The "New Review" is an angry serial: last month it fastened Scotch novelists to the torture pole; this month the younger versifiers are handed over to the tormentors. They fare rather better than the novelists. This reviewer does not wear quite such heavy clogs as the last, still, they cannot be expected to like it. They have been overfed with mutual honeycomb, and are enduring a slight reaction. The "Dii Majores" of verse are silent.

I began this set of notes with the agreeable impression that there were plenty of good new books; I end by reviewing the new magazines! Indeed, our literature is not active, or not active in good works. Yet this may be a mere subjective impression, and assuredly many new books receive praise enough. Let us hope that they do more, that they deserve it.

ANDREW LANG.



he Gods, Some Mortals, and Lord Wickenham.

—The lady who chooses to be known as John Oliver Hobbes has written half a dozen novelettes, some of which were remarkable for wit and a rather Gallic lightness of touch. It is undeniable that she possesses a faculty of epigrammatic statement which is exceedingly rare in an Anglo-Saxon. The dialogue in some of her earlier tales was so lavish of brilliancy that its incessant sparkle grew almost fatiguing. It ruined all sense of verisimilitude. The clever lady who sat behind the scenes and moved these interesting marionettes was a little too audibly present in all of them, and made them talk with her voice rather than their own. In "The Gods, Some Mortals, and Lord Wickenham," which is her first full-grown novel, she has succeeded far better in detaching her characters from herself, and also in curbing their unnatural brilliancy. Dr. Simon Warre, who may be styled the hero, writes one epigrammatic letter to his friend, Count Vendamini, in Rome, and Lord Wickenham, in an early chapter, indulges in some impressive observations, which have a flavor of wit; but beyond this there is no undue display of verbal pyrotechnics.

Though "The Gods, Some Mortals, and Lord Wickenham" is an able book, showing considerable powers of characterization, and a discriminating and unhackneyed use of language, I confess I am at a loss to account for its popularity. To me, the most interesting thing between its covers is the author's portrait, on the leaf opposite the title-page, which distinctly strengthens my faith in the lady's genius. It is a face full of originality and charm, gently accented with a

note of individuality, which promises development and, probably, achievement. The present novel, too, is rather more remarkable for what it promises than for what it actually achieves. There are bits of quite striking character-drawing, as when it is said of Dr. Warre's aristocratic mother, who had married a plebeian, that it always sounded disrespectful to her when her husband called her by her Christian name. Mrs. Maukin-Fawkes is described as "a few pounds of chaste bone wrapped in lean flesh." Count Vendamini was "a dear fellow, a sweet old bore, who knew a great deal about Etruscan remains." Lady Henrietta "had so high an opinion of religion that she would have considered it profane to apply its consolations to the ordinary troubles of a common day."

This vein of sly humor and refined satire, which pervades the book from beginning to end, is, from a mere literary point of view, very effective; but I am inclined to think that it weakens somewhat the force of the tragedy which the tale chronicles. It reminds one in many points of George Eliot, whose marginal comments on life in general, and her own characters in particular (somewhat in the style of the Greek chorus), have a ring quite similar to those of the present author. In the cadence of her prose, too, there is a vague reminiscence of George Eliot, as when she writes: "Whatever his [Sir Hugh's] thoughts may have been, he was not troubled by ideas; and the intelligence he displayed was that of a learned poodle, who, having been taught certain tricks, performs them, he knows not why or to what end."

The chief merit of the story is, to my mind, that the tragedy with which it deals is so profoundly human. It has not the remotest touch of sensationalism. It is related with a rare sanity and psychological insight, and is free from all prurience and eroticism, to which the theme might well invite. A man of stanch character and serious purpose, discouraged by the indifference, or, rather, the immaturity, of the girl whom he loves, allows himself to be ensnared by a beautiful and ignoble enchantress. On his wedding day he makes the fatal discovery that she has belonged to another, before she assumed his name, and his admiration for her turns to loathing. He spends his years in married celibacy, thereby driving his wife into infidelity and the most vulgar excesses. The downward career of this terrible Circe is chronicled with much vividness and pitiless veracity. Though the story is painful in the extreme, its interest never flags. I shall look with lively curiosity for the next novel of John Oliver Hobbes.

HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.



he Centennials.—During the last two or three years we have heard of nothing but the celebration of centennials. We need not be surprised at this. It was in 1789 that France broke away from the ancien régime and reorganized herself upon new bases. Therefore, the greater number of the institutions that she has established date from the years that followed the stormy period of the first days of our great revolution; they go back to 1794 or 1795.

Last year the Polytechnic school celebrated the hundredth year of its foundation, this year the Normal school has its turn. As I write, the ceremonies have just been brought to a close, the rows of gaslight that illuminated the ball, by which the school terminated its festivities, have been extinguished, and silence and night reign once more.

I believe that every one—even among you—knows, by name at least, the Polytechnic school, whose renown has justly spread itself throughout the whole of the civilized world. The other school, ours, mine, is less celebrated even at the present day, and perhaps you have been somewhat surprised at the commotion made, this year, by its centenary. As a matter of fact, the Normal school was primarily instituted to train professors, and for a long time remained faithful to that mission. Now, a professor is, doubtless, a very useful man; but his calling has nothing brilliant about it,—nothing to attract and hold the gaze of the crowd.

Certainly our school, in its first period, from 1800 to 1848, produced a large number of distinguished men, some even of great merit who attained the highest positions, such as M. Cousin and M. Jouffroy. But they made their way along the high road of professorships. Although Cousin went into politics and became a minister, he remained, nevertheless, a professor at the Sorbonne; he was still a product of the University, and was proud of it.

It was in 1848-49, and 1850 that, by a strange chance, about a hundred young men were brought together at the Normal school. They were nearly all ambitious, stirring, and ready to take into other careers than that of teaching the aptitudes with which they felt they were gifted.

I well know those times, for I entered the Normal school in 1848 and did not leave until 1851. I am convinced that the revolution that had just burst, overturning a throne and bringing the republic back to us, had gone to our heads, had intoxicated us with a fummy wine, and opened up wide vistas in the future.

It is a remark that has often been made that, in the old nations of Europe, political revolutions act like whips upon the mind by rousing it from its torpor. In ordinary times every one, either from mental laziness or an incapacity for movement, remains where his lot has cast him, and it must be said that chance is not too intelligent, and nearly always puts people in the wrong place. But in those great upheavals of men and things that we call revolutions, there is no one who does not aspire to rise from the position in which destiny has misplaced him, who will not strike out at a venture and, in conquering in the fray, will not evolve and bring all his energies into full play.

Of course, when we left the school, Weiss, Taine, About, Prévost-Paradol, Assollant, myself, and many others, our first care was to accept the posts assigned to us by the University. But our eyes were already searching beyond them. Persecution did the rest. Napoleon III., in carrying out his coup d'état one night in December, had confiscated liberty, and his government held us all in suspicion at the University, where we were nearly all, if not republicans, at least liberals. He made it his duty to annoy us.

We, on our part, made it our duty to quit such drudgery. All of us, one after the other, handed in our resignations or were dismissed. It was all the same to us. We could all write, we were all boiling over with new ideas, so we spread ourselves into journalism, some with the intention of remaining and making a name, others with the hope of using it as a road by which to rise to higher destinies.

This sudden invasion of the press by the students of the Normal school did not pass without making an uproar. We were not welcomed everywhere with open arms, for we elbowed those who had made their positions, and they did not look upon us with favor: they considered us as intruders and lost no opportunity of telling us so.

Heated discussions arose and lasted for not less than twenty years. We had to withstand recriminations, fury, broadsides of invective, and showers of epigram, of which it is impossible to form any idea at this time. We were ready with replies and gave back blow for blow. The public were interested in this little war that had the inestimable advantage of familiarizing every one with the name of our school, and giving it a celebrity that it had never before had, and which it had seemed it was never destined to enjoy.

The graduations that had succeeded us at the school, led away by our example, furnished more recruits to journalism and politics than to professorships; so that during thirty years there was a constant afflux of young Normal scholars, who came to strengthen our phalanx and help us to overcome all opposition.

To-day we have triumphed. Though from time to time a belated adversary does cast at us in a stray article the traditional epithet of "usher," just as, after a battle, a gun goes off here and there, fired at random and wounding no one.

The centenary festivals had no contradictors, and the Normal school enjoyed, as we say in our slang, a good press.

I should indeed be ungrateful and unjust if I did not add that one man more than any other has contributed to the renown of our school in the eyes of the public: that man is M. Pasteur.

After having been our schoolfellow, M. Pasteur went back as a professor. And it was there that he began, followed up, and successfully achieved, with the pupils of the school who were his friends and collaborators, those splendid studies which have, among you as in Europe, excited universal admiration. One is compelled to bow before a glory so splendid and so pure. The Normal school has profited by the respect everywhere shown to the illustrious savant.

The school has no enemies at the present time. It has just published its history in a thick volume that is, in a way, its golden book. This history, which is, you can readily believe, rather laudatory, would, ten years ago, have roused every wasp of journalism and brought all their venom into play. This time there was not the whisper of a hum or sting.

Institutions, as well as men, gain by growing old. They are no longer contested or discussed: they soar. To reach the fullness of glory one must last; last while working, be it understood. Look at Victor Hugo! It is a power to be a hundred years old, when one has not weakened; and, believe me, I shall do all that I can to attain to that power.

FRANÇOIS SARCEY.

Les Centenaires.—Depuis deux ou trois ans, il n'est question chez nous que de centenaires à célébrer. Il n'y a rien d'étonnant à cela. C'est en 1789 que la France a rompu avec l'ancien régime et qu'elle s'est organisée sur de nouvelles bases. La plupart des institutions qu'elle s'est données datent donc des années qui ont suivi la période tumultueuse des premiers jours de notre grande révolution: elles remontent à 1794 ou à 1795. L'an dernier c'était l'École Polytechnique qui célébrait la centième année de sa fondation, cette année c'est le tour de l'École Normale. A l'heure où j'écris les cérémonies viennent de prendre fin: les cordons de gaz qui illuminaient le bal par où l'École a clos ses fêtes se sont éteints; tout est rentré dans la nuit et le silence.

Je crois bien que tout le monde, même chez vous, connaît, au moins de nom, l'École Polytechnique, dont le renom s'est à juste titre répandu dans tout l'univers civilisé. L'autre école, la nôtre, la mienne, est moins célèbre même encore aujourd'hui, et peut-être avez vous été un peu surpris du bruit qui s'est fait cette année autour de son centenaire.

C'est qu'en effet l'École Normale, en vertu de son institution première, ne devait former que des professeurs; et qu'elle était restée longtemps fidèle à cette mission. Or un professeur est sans doute un homme très utile; mais son métier n'a rien de reluisant: rien qui attire et fixe les regards de la foule.

Il était assurément dans la première période de notre École, depuis 1800 jusqu'en 1848, sorti de notre École un grand nombre d'hommes distingués, quelques uns même de plus rare mérite, qui étaient arrivés aux plus hautes positions. M. Cousin par exemple et M. Jouffroy. Mais ils étaient arrivés par le grand chemin du professorat. Cousin, bien qu'il fût entré dans la politique et qu'il fût devenu ministre n'en restait pas moins professeur à la Sorbonne: il restait un produit de l'Université et s'en faisait gloire.

C'est en 1848-49 et 50, que par un hazard singulier se trouvèrent réunis comme élèves à l'École Normale, une centaine de jeunes gens, presque tous ambitieux, remuants et prêts à porter dans d'autres carrières que celle de l'enseignement les aptitudes dont ils se sentaient doués.

J'ai bien connu ce temps, puisque je suis entré à l'École Normale en 1848 et n'en suis sorti qu'en 1851. Je suis convaincu que la révolution, qui venait d'éclater, renversant un trône et nous ramenant la république, nous avait porté à la tête, nous avait grisés d'un vin fumeux et ouvert sur l'avenir de larges perspectives.

C'est une remarque que l'on a souvent faite: chez les vieilles nations de l'Europe les révolutions politiques sont pour les âmes comme des coups de fouet qui les éveillent de leur engourdissement. En temps ordinaire, chacun, —soit paresse d'esprit, soit impossibilité de se mouvoir,—reste à la place où le sort l'a mis, et il faut bien le dire, le hasard n'est pas trop intelligent: il place presque toujours les gens tout de travers. Mais dans les grands remuements d'hommes et de choses, qu'on appelle des révolutions, il n'est personne qui ne s'ingénie à sortir de la position où le destin l'a déporté, qui ne se jette à l'aventure et, en conquérant dans la mêlée, qui ne tire de soi et ne mette en plein vent tout ses énergies.

Quand nous sortîmes de l'École, Weiss, Taine, About, Prévost-Paradol, Assollant, moi et tant d'autres; oui, sans doute notre premier soin fut d'accepter le poste que l'Université nous avait assigné. Mais déjà nos yeux cherchaient par delà. La persécution fit le reste. Napoléon III, en exécutant une nuit de Décembre son coup d'état venait de confisquer la liberté, et son gouvernement nous tenait tous en suspicion dans l'Université, ou, presque tous, nous étions sinon républicains, au moins libéraux. Il se fit un devoir de nous tracasser.

Nous, nous en fîmes un autre de fuir cette galère. Tous, les uns après les autres, nous donnâmes notre démission ou nous fûmes destitués. C'était tout un pour nous. Tous nous savions écrire; tous nous étions bouillants d'idées nouvelles; tous nous nous répandîmes dans le journalisme, les uns avec l'idée d'y rester et de s'y faire un nom, les autres avec l'espérance de se faire une voie pour monter à de plus hautes destinées.

Cette invasion soudaine des normaliens dans la presse ne se fit point sans tapage. On ne nous accueillit pas partout à bras ouverts: car nous bousculions des positions acquises, et les occupants ne nous en savaient aucun gré: ils nous regardaient comme des intrus et ne se firent pas faute de nous le dire.

Des polémiques ardentes s'engagèrent, qui n'ont pas duré moins de vingt ans. C'étaient contre nous des récriminations, des fureurs, des bordées d'invectives, des grêles d'épigrammes dont on n'a plus d'idée à cette heure. Nous étions bons pour répondre: nous rendîmes coup pour coup, et le public s'amusa de cette petite guerre, qui eut pour notre École l'inappréciable avantage de rendre son nom familier à la foule, de lui conférer une célébrité, qu'elle n'avait pas connue jusque là, qu'elle semblait ne jamais devoir connaître.

Les promotions qui, à l'École, avaient suivi les nôtres, séduites par notre exemple, fournirent plus de recrues au journalisme et à la politique qu'au professorat, en sorte que ce fut pendant trente années un afflux incessant de jeunes normahens qui venaient renforcer notre phalange et nous aider à vaincre les résistances.

Nous en avons triomphé aujourd'hui. C'est à peine si de temps à autre un adversaire attardé nous envoie dans un article perdu l'épithète traditionnelle de pion, comme après une bataille éclatée encore par ci par là quelque coup de fusil tiré au hasard qui ne blesse personne.

Les fêtes du centenaire n'ont pas trouvé de contradicteurs, et l'École Normale a eu, comme on dit dans notre argot, une bonne presse.

Je serais bien ingrat et bien injuste si je n'ajoutais qu'un homme a plus que personne contribué à imposer le renom de l'École Normale à la foule : c'est M. Pasteur.

M. Pasteur après avoir été notre camarade à l'École, y est rentré comme professeur. Et c'est là qu'il a commencé, poursuivi, et mené à bonne fin, avec des élèves de l'École qui étaient ses collaborateurs et ses amis, les beaux travaux qui ont, chez vous comme en Europe, excité une admiration universelle.

Devant cette gloire si éclatante et si pure il a fallu s'incliner. L'École Normale a bénéficié du respect dont l'illustre savant est entouré partout. Elle n'a plus d'ennemis à cette heure. Elle vient de publier son histoire dans un gros volume qui est en quelque sorte son livre d'or. Cette histoire qui est (vous le pensez bien) plutôt élogieuse, aurait il y a seulement dix années, irrité toutes les guêpes du journalisme et mis tous leurs dards en mouvement. Il n'y a pas eu cette fois l'ombre d'un bourdonnement ni d'une piqûre.

Il faut bon vieillir pour les institutions comme pour les hommes. On n'est plus contesté ni discuté ; on plane. Il faut pour arriver à la pleine gloire, il faut durer ; durer en travaillant bien entendu. Voyez Victor Hugo. C'est une force que d'avoir cent ans quand on n'est pas ramolli. Je vous prie de croire que je ferai tout mon possible pour conquérir cette force là.

FRANCISQUE SARCEY.



Thackeray ; a Study, by Adolphus Alfred Jack.—

It should be a comfort to the pessimistic mind, deeply imbued with the degeneracy of modern fiction, to reflect on the sustained and ever increasing popularity of the three great masters of their craft, —Dickens, Scott, and Thackeray. True, we are told occasionally that people do not read these authors any more, and that they are passing rapidly into oblivion ; but why then does every publisher vie with his neighbor in giving us new, and sometimes very costly editions of their novels ; and why are we still wrangling over their respective positions in the world of letters ? Mr. Jack, the latest critic in the field, has embodied his views in a little book so beautifully bound and printed that it is a pleasure to handle it ; and the reader's only regret is that he should have taken the trouble to write so much about an author for whom he has apparently so little liking. It is possible no doubt to find fault justly and seriously with Thackeray ; but it hardly seems worth while to construct a book for the sake of doing so. Lovers of the master will listen to such complaints, as Mr. Lang listens to complaints of Scott, in the attitude of St. Augustine's deaf adder, with one ear in the sand and his tail pressed to the other. More indulgent readers will merely wonder why any man should take up a difficult study, unless he can bring some natural sympathy to bear upon his task.

For it must be hard work, after all, to maintain an attitude of steady displeasure, when a genius so irresistible as Thackeray takes you by the hand. Granted that nothing more snobbish than the "Book of Snobs" ever appeared in print. Granted the sordid meanness of the atmosphere in "A Shabby Genteel Story" and "Catharine." Granted that the cheap fun about Napoleon's funeral jars gratingly on our ears. Only St. Augustine's adder could remain wholly insensible to these painful truths. But to be really angry with Thackeray because he wrote "Codlingsby" ; to object in good faith to his "satirizing his great contemporaries at the moment when he was clamoring to be admitted to their company," is to take life and literature with overweening gravity. Even that most loving of parodies, "Rebecca and Rowena," meets with scant favor at the critic's hands, though we are consoled by hearing that Thackeray's admiration for Scott prevented him from degenerating, on this occasion at least, into rudeness. Truly there is danger of our losing all our cakes and ale, when the stern virtues of the younger generation have their way.

In "Vanity Fair" Mr. Jack finds much to blame and little to praise, being especially outraged by Thackeray's affectionate attitude toward Rawdon Crawley. "He calls him 'honest Rawdon'," is the amusingly indignant comment, "and seems to pity him for his connection with his wife. . . . It is one thing to treat vice with charity, and quite another to speak of its professors with liking." But

a little sympathy may not be altogether wasted upon this poor, stupid, soft-hearted profligate, although he was not "honest" in the literal acceptance of the word; and when we call to mind that pitiable scene where, romping with his boy, he hurts the child accidentally, and implores him for God's sake not to cry and waken his mother, we cannot help being sorry for him, whether he merits our consideration or not. A man may be a pretty bad lot, and yet hardly deserve to have Becky Sharp for a wife.

For "Pendennis," and for "Henry Esmond," Mr. Jack betrays a fair share of enthusiasm, and his comments on "The Newcomes" are both sane and sympathetic. He knows at least that Arthur Pendennis is as good in his way as is Tom Jones in his, —both of them alive to their very finger tips. He knows that Beatrix Esmond is one of the most incomparable women in fiction, and that the grace and pathos with which Colonel Newcome is handled have yet to be surpassed. All this our critic knows, and freely grants; but he compensates himself with severe strictures on the "English Humorists"; while the "Four Georges" is briefly dismissed as the kind of a book which Thackeray was "constitutionally incapable" of writing, because—save the mark!—"he never had a clear idea of what he was engaged in describing." After this, we are hardly surprised to learn that although "at first sight," "Vanity Fair," "Pendennis," and "The Newcomes" "might appear to be sufficiently good to stand alone," and secure literary immortality to their author, they could win no such happy lot, were they not assisted by the one novel of "intrinsic excellence," "Henry Esmond." And when we are finally told that "Vanity Fair" is immoral "just because it is inartistic," and that the sad and merry company gathered there "is an outrage on the constitution of the world," we feel that it is time to close Mr. Jack's pretty little volume, and console ourselves with an hour or two of Thackeray.

AGNES REPPLIER.

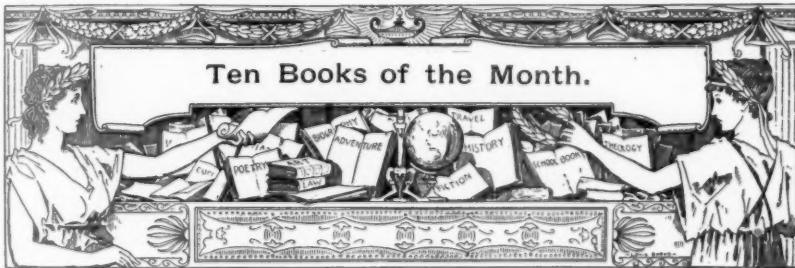


Health to the Ladies!—The toast of the ladies proposed at the dinner of our New Vagabonds' Club in honor of the leading lady writers was a graceful recognition of the importance of the writing woman in the literature of the day. Although literature is usually taken to be of the masculine gender, the muses being presumed, like all ladies, to favor rather the other sex, yet, in point of fact, for more years than I can remember, ladies have always

been in the very front, if not of literature, of the windows of our book-shops. In the seaside and suburban shops, more especially, serried rows of ladies' works have more or less completely ousted the productions of the lords of creation. It does not matter who flutters the literary dove-cotes, who claims space in the organs of criticism, the world at large is fed mainly by the feminine mind. Mrs. Henry Wood, with her "East Lynne" domesticities, still dominates the shop-windows—the dead but sceptered spirits still rule our spirits from their urns; Miss Braddon parades across the shelves her phalanx of novels in green uniform; Edna Lyall stretches away more soberly in brown, and Helen Mathers, the admirable Rhoda Broughton, Charlotte Yonge, and half-a-dozen lesser lights divide what space remains. But these are old favorites. Long have they held the shelves with their pleasant or sensational plots, and their unquestioning acceptance of middle-class morality. But within a few brief years a new generation of women has risen with incredible velocity to snatch the remaining morsels of bread out of the mouths of poor males. Mrs. Humphrey Ward led the way with her theological heterodoxies, Sarah Grand rivaled her circulation by rebellious sociological speculations, a third lady triumphed by baring her soul completely, and a fourth by exhibiting hers in *déshabille*, and now the market is crowded with a host of books by writers who may be women, but who, the old-fashioned reviewer assures us, are "no ladies." The literary journals which still continue to be written mainly by men keep up the delusion that it is men who are making the nation's novels, but the truth can scarcely be ignored much longer. In literature, as in politics, it is exaggeration that tells, and

dignity of style and sanity of observation stand no chance beside slipshod specimens of the lurid and the ill-balanced. Stevenson is eclipsed in circulation by a dozen women with no pretensions to form and nothing that is valuable in matter. Amid shoals of the formless, the didactic, the hysterical, or the ungrammatical, entirely indebted for their superior circulation to the avid sisterly support of the ladies who constitute by far the larger proportion of the reading public, a few feminine books stand out in comparative sanity and unity. John Oliver Hobbes has a virile grip of life despite her excessive epigram, and Ella Hepworth Dixon, clever daughter of a clever sire, shows some potentiality of seeing life steadily and seeing it whole. There are those, too, who hint at Ella D'Arcy, and bid us not forget Mrs. F. A. Steel (of Anglo-India). The Irish idyls of Miss Jane Barlow seem an earnest of a fame beyond the rumor of the moment. Miss Mene Muriel Dowie could afford to be independent of the audacities of "Gallia," while Miss Mabel Robinson, in a series of powerful books culminating with "Chimaera," has confronted life with a comprehensive, if somewhat ungenial, vision. Quite a number of ladies who have done excellent work have suffered as much as the gentlemen by the swamping successes of their sex-mongering sisters. Which of the newer women has written as artistic a book as Mrs. Clifford's "Aunt Anne," or Margaret L. Woods' "Village Tragedy," or Lucas Malet's "Colonel Enderby's Wife"? Yet the lights of all these ladies have distinctly paled. Where is George Fleming now, or Mrs. Riddell, where is Mrs. Ritchie, where the wonderful Mrs. Oliphant? Even Olive Schreiner's fame rests largely on her not writing. In poetry alone men have still the precedence. Within the last few years nearly all the women poets of any pretension have died off, but Mrs. Meynell remains, with E. Nesbit, and Michael Field, and Katharine Tynan, and many other minor singers, an ample band to respond even for poetry, should the New Vagabonds include the tribe of Sappho in their gallant and chivalrous toast-list.

I. ZANGWILL.



FICTION.—THE STORY OF BESSIE COSTRELL, by Mrs. Humphrey Ward. Macmillan & Co. 75 cents.

THE STORY OF CHRISTINE ROCHFORD, by Helen Choate Prince. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

TERMINATIONS, by Henry James. Harper & Brothers.

SPORT.—PLEASURE CYCLING, by Henry Clyde. Little, Brown & Co. \$1.00.

PHILOSOPHICAL.—THE SEXES COMPARED AND OTHER ESSAYS, by Edward von Hartmann. Selected and translated by A. Kenner, M.A. Macmillan & Co. 90 cents.

TRAVEL.—OUR WESTERN ARCHipelAGO, by Henry M. Field, D.D. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.00.

BIOGRAPHICAL.—THE RISE OF WELLINGTON, by General Lord Roberts. Roberts Bros. \$1.25.

SONYA KOVALEVSKY, translated by Isabel P. Hapgood. Century Co. \$1.75.

ECONOMIC.—ASPECTS OF THE SOCIAL PROBLEM, by various writers. Edited by Edward Bosanquet. London: Macmillan & Co.

MISCELLANEOUS.—EUROPEAN AND AMERICAN CUISINE, by Gesine Lemcke. D. Appleton & Co.



**The Month's
Questions.**

OUR DUTY TO CUBA, THE REPUBLIC.

WHAT would have been the fate of the American struggle for liberty had not republican sentiment in France come to its aid in the hour of struggle, is a question of uncertain answer, even with the full data now in the hands of the historian. It is not merely by the men and munitions furnished from France that we are to estimate the aid given, nor in the scientific knowledge of the art of war brought to our shores by the French engineers, but in the courage born of the sympathy of a great people. There was a fight taking place on the American continent for government by the people, for better forms, for purer institutions, for nobler ideals of humanity's rights, and France was willing to lend her fullest aid.

That was a little more than a hundred years ago. The struggling republic of '76 has become the most powerful nation of the world.

The borders of the republic of 1776 have been extended by purchase far down into the Atlantic until with a good glass one may almost see the possessions of Spain, the chief of which is the magnificent island of Cuba, lying off the southern boundary of Florida.

Meanwhile, the republican spirit has been growing. Successfully overturned for a while, it has been reestablished permanently in France, has taken hold of the Spanish colonies, and even invaded Spain itself.

While we are no longer in need of sympathy, there is still a struggle going on for human liberty, and that almost at

our very doors; yet the government of this republic is not engaged in discussing the sorrows and needs of the people claiming liberty in the name of a republic, against a monarchy confessedly selfish, and in proportion to its weakness indifferent to the welfare of its common people. Our citizens seem so intent upon material things that they have no thought or recognition of the tragedy being enacted so close at hand. It is impossible to tell whether they are asleep, or whether the spirit of their forefathers has so died out that human misery and effort to achieve a republican form of government no longer appeal to their sensibilities.

Marvelously little interest seems to have been felt in what the Cubans are doing. There is mention in the papers of bands of insurgents; of occasional departures from the shores of the United States to join compatriots. There is a rumor that the Secretary of State of the United States has been much interested in an old claim which has been hanging fire for fifteen or twenty years before his department, and finds this a suitable time to press payment upon the Spanish government; but so far as any general interest is concerned, the isle of Cuba might as well have been off the Cape of Good Hope, and instead of a struggle for republican institutions, the conflict might have been an attempt to establish cannibalism as a national practice. Apparently, Cuba and the Cubans are nothing to us. Yet a broader statesmanship would reach out toward this island with its struggling people, as destined to have

an important influence on the future history of the American continents.

It is the old question about the responsibility of our brother's keeping. We had the same sort of thing before the war. There were those who disclaimed responsibility for existing conditions, and honestly convinced themselves that it was not their business to look after the hardships of their neighbors. Having washed their hands, they felt that they were free of the whole matter. Yet a failure to give proper consideration and proper effort at the proper time, cost these very people afterwards the lives of sons, of brothers, and friends, and themselves the hardships of war taxation.

The experiment of republican government yet holds itself amongst the peoples of the world by so slender a thread that we who are anxious for its final success, that we who believe the welfare of future generations hangs upon its evolution, should see to it that the movement for freedom is supported in every possible direction. No oppressed peoples should turn to us in vain. Every germ of republican liberty should be nurtured.

Should we go to war with Spain in behalf of Cuba? By no means. Such a course upon our part would not only be

contrary to the spirit of peace, which must in future dominate all republics, but it would serve to destroy the germs of republican forms which are every day obtaining surer foothold in Spain itself. War between Spain and the United States would mean a vast sacrifice of life and labor. It would be without excuse, even in behalf of liberty.

Nevertheless, the time is ripe for the interference of the United States in the affairs of Cuba. Two hundred millions of dollars would be a godsend to impoverished Spain at this time. Two hundred millions of dollars would be an impalpable sum to the people of the United States. Even if it were of serious, instead of temporary moment, it could easily be repaid by Cuba itself under the form of a four-per-cent. loan, at a cost that would be vastly less than that of the present conflict continued, as is now promised.

The struggle on the island is of so serious a character that Spain will presently be ready to turn gratefully to the United States for honorable escape from an embarrassing situation. If we refuse recognition of so plain a duty to-day let us rest assured that we will have the responsibility fastened upon us later on with the penalties which are always added for national delinquency.



STILLING THE TEMPEST.

BY JOHN B. TAEB.

"TWAS all she could :—The gift that Nature gave,
The torrent of her tresses—did she spill
Before His feet : and lo, the troubled wave
Of passion heard His whisper, "Peace, be still !"



he Ice-Rocks of Siberia.—

In portions of Northern Siberia the ground is not merely frozen, but consists in part of layers of ice alternating with sand or clay, and these ice-masses must be many thousand years old. In such regions ice is as much a rock as limestone is. The character of the frozen plains in the neighborhood of the mouth of the Lena has been reinvestigated of late by Baron Toll, who is led to the conclusion that the ice originated in the local snow-fall during the glacial period. This view is sustained in part by the structure of the ice, which has the granular texture of glacial ice, quite different from that of frozen lakes and rivers, and it receives further support from the discovery of a moraine in the bay of Anabar. So far as is known there never was a great, moving ice-sheet over this region, doubtless because the snow-fall was insufficient to build one up; but this does not conflict with the theory that the ice had an origin similar to that of glacial ice.

The famous deposits, consisting of the remains of the mammoth and contemporary mammals embedded in clay overlies the ancient ice-masses, and both series of strata are exposed in the faces of cliffs on the islands of the New Siberian group. In the same clays are found also whole trees or bushes of alder, willow, and birch, reaching fifteen feet in height, so far north as latitude 74° , although at the present day the northern limit of tree vegetation is at the seventy-first parallel, two hundred miles further south, and it appears, too, that the New Siberian islands were formerly part of the Asiatic continent. Thus the mammoth, the rhinoceros, and other cold-loving animals, contemporaneous with paleolithic man, were provided with congenial pasturage over the very country where their remains are now so abundant. Their bones, and sometimes their bodies also, have been in large part frozen up in post-glacial ice, which will last until a much warmer climate than that of the present day prevails along the shores of the Siberian sea.

GEORGE F. BECKER.



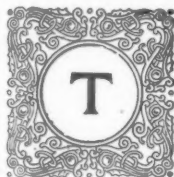
he Identification of Helium.—

The mystery of the D_3 line in the spectrum of the solar chromosphere appears to have been solved at last, and the solar-physicists are correspondingly delighted. The mystery itself was this: when Lockyer and Janssen, in 1868, discovered the chromosphere,—the scarlet, flame-like envelope of gases which overlies the photosphere,—and brought it within the range of daily spectroscopic observation, they easily identified most of the bright lines they found in its spectrum as due to hydrogen. But there was one bright yellow line which defied explanation; it was close to the two "D" lines of sodium (whence its designation as D_3); it did not belong to the spectrum of hydrogen, or that of any other then known element; and it differed markedly from the hydrogen lines in having no correspond-

ing dark line in the ordinary solar spectrum. Presumably it was due to some unknown gas, in lightness comparable with hydrogen, and possibly not existing on the earth: for convenience, Dr. Frankland, Lockyer's chemical partner in his earlier researches, proposed the name of "helium" for the hypothetical substance, and it has borne it ever since. Later, several other bright lines were found in the spectrum of the chromosphere, resembling D_3 in having no dark homologue in the solar spectrum, and in not belonging to the spectrum of any known element, so that it is natural to suppose that some of them, at least, are due to helium. The same D_3 line and three or four others of these solar companions have also been found in the spectra of certain variable and temporary stars and nebulae. But all attempts to detect them in terrestrial spectra failed until within the past few weeks.

Last April, however, Professor Ramsay, who was associated with Lord Rayleigh in the discovery of "argon," was led (how, is "another story") to examine the spectrum of the gas disengaged by the action of sulphuric acid from a specimen of cleveite, a species of uraninite, or pitch-blende, and he found in it not only the lines of argon, but a bright yellow line which appeared to be exactly coincident with D_3 . He soon ascertained that the argon lines were probably due to a slight leakage of air into his apparatus; but all later investigations, by himself and others, confirm the suspicion as to the identity of the yellow line with D_3 , and, what is more, at least four others of the most conspicuous unidentified lines of the chromosphere spectrum appear in the spectrum of the new gas. The same gas (or mixture of several gases,—for opinion is not yet clear on this point) can also be obtained from several other minerals, and by various methods. Professor Ramsay, in his latest paper, reports that nearly all the "rare earths"—those which contain yttrium, cerium, lanthanum, et id omne genus, yield it in abundance. It may be some time, however, before the chemists can tell us more about it than that it is not quite one-fourth as dense as oxygen, and probably monatomic. The next thing in order is to find "coronium," the gas that produces the unidentified green line which is the most conspicuous in the visible part of the spectrum of the sun's corona.

C. A. YOUNG.



he Electric Weed Killer.—In the March number of *The Cosmopolitan* there were pointed out some of the beneficial effects produced by electricity upon the growth of plants; but an overdose will injure or kill a plant or a man. When lightning strikes a tree the latter is frequently killed, even if it be not blown into slivers, as sometimes happens. This result is believed to be due to the heating effects of the current, which raises the temperature of the sap

far above the boiling point, and consequently to steam of high pressure, which explodes the tree or such part of it as conveys the current. If the current be not so strong as to produce steam, it may so much heat the sap as to expand and burst the plant tissues, which will be equally destructive to its life.

Advantage has been taken of this quality of an electric current to destroy the weeds that grow by railroad tracks. To keep such roads free from weeds in summer requires the constant work of many men with a hoe. Weeds have great vitality, and to kill them their roots must be dug out. If only cut off next to the ground, they spring up afresh, and but little the worse for the temporary mutilation. A mild current of electricity acts as a stimulant to such plants, but a current strong enough to disintegrate the tissues will kill them. To accomplish this in a large way, a car is provided with an engine, an alternating dynamo, and an induction-coil suitable for raising the electric pressure to twenty or thirty thousand volts. One terminal of this induction-coil is connected to the earth through the car trucks. A well insulated cable leads from the other terminal to a metallic strip behind the car, which stretches across the track a short distance above the ground, and is provided with many fine wires pendant

from it, like the teeth of a rake. Through these teeth the electric discharge takes place, and any weed touched receives a deadly current through it. As the current follows the better conducting part of the plant—the liquid in its cells—it traverses the root to its very tips, and the whole is electrocuted: it has been struck by lightning. As the car is pulled along the track every weed is at once killed, and with such an apparatus many miles of railway may be quickly and cheaply freed from weeds.

A similar plan is feasible for ridding cultivated fields from such troublesome pests as thistles, daisies, chicory, or any other whose stems at any time reach above the grass around them. A two-wheeled vehicle like a horse hay-rake, carrying a suitable secondary battery, a mechanical current-alternator, and a proper induction-coil, could be driven across a field and kill every plant its teeth should touch. Acres of valuable land could be rid of its coarse weeds in a day, and with the assurance that no plant once fairly struck would ever be resurrected.

A. E. DOLBEAR.



Additional Facts in Regard to Acetylene, the New Illuminant.—In the June number of *THE COSMOPOLITAN* certain facts were published in regard to acetylene. The brilliant future open to this gas warrants additional notice at the present time.

Both in this country and abroad tests have been made as to its light- and heat-giving power, as to the amount of oxygen required for combustion, and as to the products of combustion. When burned with the proper supply of air to produce the greatest luminosity, acetylene yields from ten to twelve times as much light as is given by an equal volume of good coal-gas burned in a common Argand burner; the disparity between the light-effects is still greater when the coal-gas is burned in the ordinary fish-tail burners. The lighting value of acetylene is about four and one-half times that of good coal-gas when consumed in the new Welsbach burner.

The temperature of the acetylene flame is less than that of the common gas flame and the heating effects are much less. For equal light acetylene produces about four-fifths as much carbonic acid as does the Welsbach gas-burner and only a little over one-sixth as much aqueous vapor. With the ordinary gas-burners these objectionable waste products are much greater than with the Welsbach, for the consumption of gas for equal light is much greater. For equal lighting effect acetylene requires less than one-half as much air as is consumed by the Welsbach burner and the proportion is very much less as compared with the common gas-burners.

Acetylene can be liquefied by a comparatively moderate pressure. It can be kept in the liquid form and easily converted into gas by reducing the pressure, and is then ready for combustion. On account of the great saving of space, it is probably in this liquid form that it will find most convenient application in many cases of isolated lighting, such as buoys, lighthouses, and perhaps in private dwellings. In this form it will be especially convenient for use in enriching common coal-gas, and this will very probably be one of its most immediate applications.

Acetylene light is pure white and it therefore shows more truly the natural colors of objects. It is now thought that calcium carbide will be eventually produced at a cost not exceeding five dollars per ton. If this expectation be realized, acetylene will certainly prove the ideal illuminating gas, if not the ideal illuminant.

It is interesting to recall the fact that the developments in electricity have made the commercial production of acetylene practicable, and that the two agents will now be competitors in the field of illumination.

S. E. TILLMAN.

NOTE.—Several criticisms have come to the writer regarding the statement in the June *COSMOPOLITAN* as to the cost of light from acetylene. The criticisms have been based upon the compared cost of equal volumes of acetylene and coal-gas, and not upon the cost of equal light-effect. The statements of the June *COSMOPOLITAN* are well within limits.

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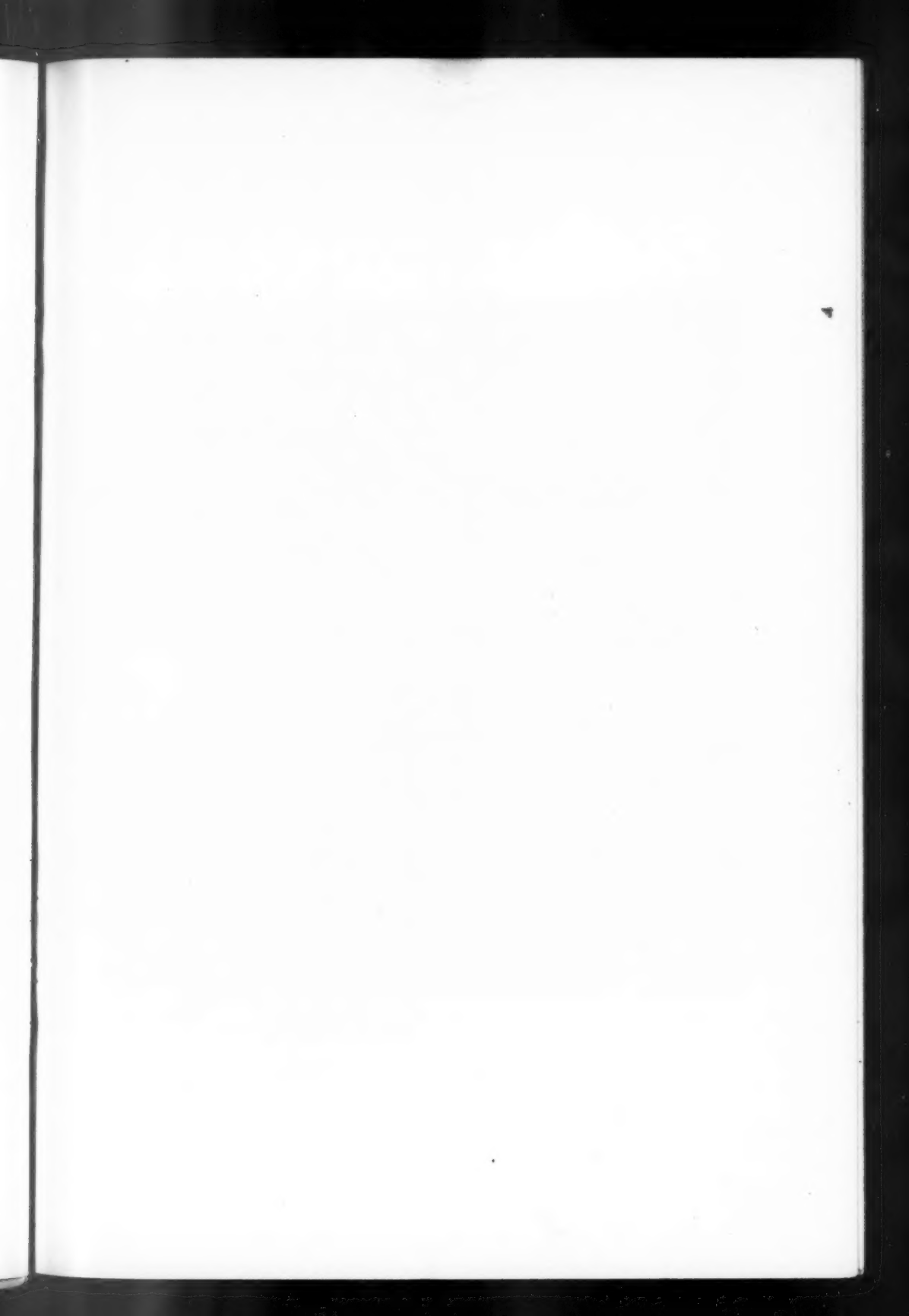
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Drawn by T. de Thalston.

"'IT IS HIS!' SHE SCREAMED; 'WHAT HAVE I DONE!'"

(See page 367.)